THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1872.

Vol. LII. H. PETERSON & CO., No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872. TERMS $3.00 a Year in Advance. Single Number, 5 Cents. No. 11.

LOVE AND SORROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY BEULAH.

Love born in sunshine,
Passeth away;
Love of the summer,
Lingers a day;
Love born of sorrow,
Liveth for aye;
Love that is soul-love,
Never can die.

* * * *

Bless thou the shadow!
Bless thou the shade!
It bringeth the flowers
That never shall fade;
Love makes thy burdens
Lighter than air,
Love makes thy shackles
Easy to wear.

JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT;

OR,

HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER V.

THE PROPOSAL.

John Passmore sat alone in his private office. In the adjoining counting-room the busy pens of clerks could be heard, rapidly filling huge blank-books with the multitudinous business records of the house of Willing & Son. From the store rose a subdued bustle of salesmen earnestly recommending their goods to customers, and of porters rapidly packing great boxes of dry goods, for shipment to all portions of the country.

But he was too deeply absorbed in his own thoughts to hear or heed these signs of business activity.

"All is going well," he said to himself. "I will not be haunted any more by the shadow of an employer, to keep me cramped within a narrow, hum-drum line of duties, and tied down to a fixed salary. With Willing and Graham out of my way there will not be a single legal claimant to disturb my position as virtual owner of this great establishment. There is, to be sure, the girl; but she has no knowledge of her claims, and to guard against any possible disaster, I am bound to make her my wife. Her lover well out of the way it will be no great task to win her. But what if Joe Corbin has lied! If Willing should return?"

A slight shudder passed through his frame as he thought of this possible failure in his plans. He turned and called to a clerk in the outer office, "Send Ford here."

His call was answered by the appearance of a tall, thin-visaged person, who chewed his pen handle as if nervously anxious to get back to his books.

"Is there any account yet of that invoice of silks, ordered last month from Straus & Brother, of Paris?"

"A letter came to hand to-day," was the answer. "They were shipped ten days ago, and must be now well over."

"To this port?"

"No. To New York."

"Very well. You have had them insured?"

"Fully."

"That will do."

The book-keeper, as if glad to be released, at once passed through the door, and made for the huge ledger from which he had been temporarily called.

"I must play that game with the silks," Passmore muttered. "It will be something to fall back upon in case Willing should return. This is not likely, but the wise man prepares for contingencies. I can't lose by it in any case. I wish Corbin was back. I can do nothing till I have his report. With Graham once settled there would be only the girl to work upon."

As if in answer to his thoughts the door opened, and Alice Worthington entered, ushered by one of the clerks. Passmore started up, too much surprised, for the moment, to be courteous. The next moment, recovering himself, he politely handed her a chair, and requested her to be seated.

"My dear Miss Worthington, this is an unlooked-for pleasure. Welcome to my business home; the close prison in which we slaves to trade are forced to confine ourselves day after day."

"A comfortable prison," she replied, looking around curiously at the well carpeted and furnished room, on whose walls hung several small but valuable pictures; a desk, and a shelf or two filled with directories and sample-books, being the only special business indications.

"Ah, we manage to endure it. In a large business there is something of the intoxication of the gambling-table. In playing for heavy stakes one forgets his surroundings."

"I have been anxious to hear of Mr. Graham," she said. "I have not had a word from him, and supposed that you might have received a letter."

"I have not," he replied. "I have been expecting one, but suppose he has been too busy to write."

"Perhaps so. I was in the city and thought I would call on you, and learn if you had heard anything. May not his family have some word? I may appear unduly anxious, but the mystery surrounding Mr. Willing makes me nervous about that locality."

"It is pure nervousness, I assure you. There is no danger," he replied, taking his hat. "If you wish, I will accompany you to make inquiries at Mr. Graham's residence."

"Oh, no! I would not like to do so."

"Well, I will make the necessary inquiries and report to you," he said, leading her by a side door into the street, and thus avoiding the confusion of the warehouse.

Turning into Chestnut street, they took their way up this busy thoroughfare, chatting as they went, while her eyes, not yet familiar with all the wonders of city life, strayed curiously from the costly display in the shop windows to the persons of the richly-dressed promenaders.

As they arrived in front of the Continental Hotel, Passmore felt a light touch on his shoulder, and, turning, encountered the visage of the false detective, Williams, who was gazing with curious eyes on his companion.

A rapid succession of signals passed between them, unnoticed by Alice, at the end of which Passmore turned to her, remarking—

"Miss Worthington, I am fortunately able to furnish you the latest news from Mr. Graham. This gentleman is the detective who accompanied him."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, with vivacity. "Then, sir, you can tell me all about the search and its results?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Corbin.

"But the street is not the place for a long story," said Passmore. "We had better take a private parlor in the hotel."

He led the way to the ladies' entrance, and they were soon seated in a small, well-furnished room, overlooking the busy flood of humanity in Chestnut street.

We need not follow the assumed detective in his story, as it was essentially what we have already given. He carefully avoided any hint of its disastrous end, until he reached the description of their steamboat trip, and then in a few strong, concise words placed the story of the accident and its fatal termination in graphic outline before them.

Alice grew deathly pale as the account of the accident proceeded. The vigorous description of the striking of the boats thrilled her tense nerves as if she herself had received a deadly blow, and at the final account of the disappearance of the struggling youth, her pent up emotion found irresistible vent in a loud scream, which was succeeded by an instant and death-like swoon.

The cry was heard over the whole floor, and brought a half-dozen chambermaids hastily into the room. Passmore, with a few words of explanation, passed into the hall with his companion, leaving the insensible girl to the hands of the women.

"Now, Corbin," he said, in a low tone, as persons were still passing, attracted by the cry, "You had better make your way home, get off this dress, and come out in a new character. Your job was well-managed, and well-varied in the telling. I will see you at the rookery in a day or two, and settle accounts."

"All right," growled the other, somewhat surlily. "Don't make it later than Friday. I never keep open accounts in jobs like this."

He turned away, and with a grim smile, unseen by Passmore, went down the stairs.

The latter anxiously inquired the condition of Alice, from a passing servant.

"She's coming too, sir. She'll have her senses again in five minutes, and maybe less."

On the receipt of this intelligence he hastened down stairs, procured a carriage, and had it drawn up to the ladies' entrance.

Returning to the parlor in which he had left her he found her fully recovered, but in a state of mental distress pitiable to see.

"Come, Miss Worthington, you must return home immediately," he said. "I had no prevision of the terrible nature of this man's story, or you should not have heard it so rudely told."

"The event was the same. No language could have diminished its horror," she feebly replied, taking his proffered arm, and accompanying him down stairs, followed by the curious and sympathizing glances of the women.

Seated in the cab, they were rapidly driven to the railway station.

He once or twice essayed to speak, but finding that she gave no answer, and that she was ready to burst into tears at a suggestive word, he wisely became silent, leaving her to deal with her bitter grief in her own way.

Arriving at their destination there was a walk of about ten minutes duration from the railway station to the house.

Passmore made use of this interval in beseeching her to control herself, and to submit to the inevitable decree of Providence, with such other of the customary consolatory remarks as occurred to him. The result of his awkward speeches was to throw her into a violent flood of tears. Fortunately the lane they were in was deserted, save by themselves, and her unrestrained emotion provoked no wondering glances.

As if fearful she might fall from weakness induced by her violent emotion, he placed his arm round her waist, and besought her in accents tender as those of a lover, to become calm.

His warm entreaties were of some avail. The intense feeling that had shook her slender frame as a sapling is shaken by the northern blast, gradually passed off, overcome by its own violence, and she looked up into his concerned face with eyes in which a sad smile struggled through the still falling tears.

"I appreciate your good heart," she softly said, making no effort to release herself from his encircling arm, probably too strongly feeling the need of human sympathy to resent any display of it. "You are his nearest friend, and can feel with me his loss. But may he not have been saved! picked up, perhaps, by the other vessel?" she asked, clasping his hand with sudden energy, as the assuring thought occurred to her.

"Alas! I fear not!" he replied, preferring that she should believe him dead.

"I would be glad to give you hope, could I safely do so. But it is better to brave the worst now, than to suffer from the gradual death of such delusive hopes."

Her tears again flowed at these words, but less violently than before.

"Calm yourself, dear friend," he continued, pressing her hand warmly, and gazing with loving interest into her tearful face. "The world is not all blank, though it may now appear so to you. There are joys in store for you yet, and long years of happiness; and Harry Graham will look down with pleased eyes from his better home to see you cheerfully bearing the burdens of life."

"No! no!" she cried, releasing herself from his arm. "Happiness is dead for me in this world. My joys, my hopes, are buried in his grave. The light of this earth-life has gone out for me."

"You distress me beyond measure," he replied, still retaining her hand. "Though the brightest star were quenched in the heavens the galaxy would still shine. You have friends yet, the warmest and truest. Myself, if you will let me declare it, respect and prize you more than any person in the world beside. I will not say, love you, lest that unlucky word should recall all your sorrows."

She looked up in his face with a sudden comprehension of the full meaning of his words, which overmastering emotion had so far prevented her realizing.

"A thousand thanks for your kind sympathy," she said; but with something in the tones of her voice that assured him that her soul had withdrawn from the surface, and hidden itself beyond his reach somewhere in the depths of consciousness. "I had better hasten home, Mr. Passmore. I am so weak that I must have rest."

"You are right," he said, well satisfied with the progress he had made, and knowing that no more could safely be ventured at present.

In a few moments they reached Mr. Mitchell's house, and Alice, with renewed thanks to her companion, at once retired to her room, and to indulgence in a solitary paroxysm of grief from which she had as yet in great measure restrained herself.

Passmore visited her in the afternoon of the next day, and found her already greatly calmed, her grief having been too poignant for long continuance.

With all the skill of a practiced lover he felt his way to the citadel of her heart, day after day, for the next two or three succeeding days, becoming more declared and open in his advances, and fancying that he was making great progress in his purpose.

Meanwhile he kept a strict watch on the items of Richmond news to be found in the daily papers, and was, after a day or two, rewarded by an account of the accident, in which the steamer Fannie, of the Philadelphia and Richmond line of packets, had cut down and sunk a small James river steamer.

All on board had escaped by their boat, with the exception of two passengers, who had been somehow left behind. One of these had been rescued by the boats of the Fannie, and now lay in a dangerous condition at a Richmond hotel. He had been recognized as a Mr. Graham, a Philadelphia merchant. Nothing was known concerning the other.

"No danger of the other," muttered Passmore. "He was born to be hung, and can't be drowned. But it is deuced awkward that Graham has turned up again. I shall have to push matters with Alice Worthington."

Satisfied that she would not read the general news items of the daily papers, he felt convinced that he would have a few days yet to supplant his rival in her affections before the probable event of Graham's return could occur.

He even debated with Corbin the propriety of this individual's returning to Richmond, and trying to complete his work. In this plan, however, he was met by a decided refusal, his accomplice positively declining to have anything further to do with it.

In his next visit to Alice he found her more composed than he had seen her since the accident. It was not, however, a cheerful composure, but rather the settled calm of deep grief. Her face had suddenly grown a stranger to smiles, and in her voice lurked the pain of tears unshed. He began to realize that here was not the nature to turn lightly from love to love.

In her conversation she was disposed to dwell on the one subject of the worth of Harry Graham, and he found it difficult to interest her in anything else.

He at length took her seriously to task for this, reproving her severely for her disposition to brood over her grief, and claiming that she was doing injustice to herself and to all her friends by this persistent mourning.

"I cannot so soon forget that the dearest and best of my friends has died a violent and dreadful death."

"But the dead are with the dead. The living demand some consideration. You have friends who love you yet dearly, devotedly. You do not realize how you are grieving them. For their sake you should put on at least the show of cheerfulness."

"You are right. I know that I have been acting selfishly. And yet it is difficult to wear smiles on the face and tears at the heart."

"There is no need for tears. The world is yet wide, and your friends warm. Do not imagine that it is bound within the narrow circle of a single grief. I, myself, Miss Worthington, short a time as I have known you, have learned to regard you as I never before regarded woman."

"I know! I know!" she hastily replied. "We have a common sorrow, and have been thrown together in moments of deep feeling. Your fancy has been enlisted in my favor—and you imagine a momentary impulse is a fixed sentiment."

"It is not so," he replied, with an appearance of genuine warmth. "The feeling I allude to, is deep as my soul, and enduring as the world. I have not known you long, but have known you well—and have learned to love you with all the fervor of my nature. Alice Worthington, I am no boy to be stricken by a passing fancy, but a man of strong feelings and passionate sentiments, and all the depth of my nature has gone out to you; first in sympathy for your affliction; now in love for your dear and noble self."

She looked at the speaker with an astonishment that was almost fright. She had been somewat surprised at several of his remarks, but had failed to catch their true meaning, and had been too deeply absorbed in her own feelings to consider them.

Hence this declaration of love was to her a surprise of the most startling and painful character. She had no feeling of reciprocation for the sentiment he so earnestly declared, and was alarmed to have aroused such a feeling in his mind.

He needed no words to learn the effect of his declaration. The play of her features was enough.

"Do not misunderstand me," he hastily continued, fearing some adverse reply. "I have not forgotten that you loved my friend. But he is no longer of this world. You may cherish regret for his loss; you cannot love for his person. I love you, first as the betrothed of my friend; second, as the dearest object to me in the world—"

"Oh, stop! stop, Mr. Passmore!" she hastily cried. "You are darting arrows of pain into my soul with these words. I cannot love again—and it grieves me bitterly to find that I have been unfortunate enough to arouse a feeling which I can never reciprocate. Forget me, sir. The world has its thousands worthier than I, thousands who can render you that love of which I am incapable."

"For me it has but one," he replied. "I do not ask for an instant answer to my suit. I am aware that it may appear indelicate in my advancing it at this time; but I was carried into it by my feelings. I only ask that you consider it, and probe your soul for a response. I need only love in this world. I have fortune, position—everything but the one thing needful to me, and that you alone can give."

"It is needless for me to consider," she replied, with energy. "I do not love you. I cannot love you. It grieves me to give you pain, but I cannot avoid it without deceiving you, and that I will never do. Tear this passion from your heart. It will but consume you, without warming me. You cannot galvanize a skeleton to life."

"Dear Alice, do not, do not speak so! You give me pain beyond measure. I pray that you will answer me no further now. I leave my case to the future."

"It is useless," she replied, rising to meet the little daughter of Mr. Mitchell, who was running from the house toward them. "I may be innocent of the world, but I know my own heart. Were I assured of the death of Mr. Graham, I could not turn my allegiance from his memory; and I cannot help at times thinking he may still live."

"That, indeed, is a wild hope," he began, almost angrily.

He was interrupted by the child, who ran up, paper in hand, exclaiming:

"Oh, Miss Alice! Miss Alice! see here! Papa has just brought home the paper, and sent me out to show you this!"

Hastily taking the paper from the child, with a glad premonition of its contents, she read at a glance the passage pointed out, the same that Passmore had read that same morning.

"Is it a wild hope?" she exultingly exclaimed, pointing it out to him, without noticing his glowering looks. "He lives! He lives! Thank you, darling, for bringing me such good news," catching the child up in her arms and kissing her warmly. "I must go to Richmond at once, Mr. Passmore. I cannot be absent from my betrothed at this critical period of his life."

"Will it be quite correct for you to do so?" he replied. "I would not for the world have you subjected to wrong conclusions, and people there might regard your action from a wrong point of view."

PASSMORE'S INTERVIEW WITH SOLOMON GANTLY.

"Buthineth is respectfully requethted," returned Solomon Gantly, "and goodth kept thafe from rats, policemen, and thuch inseets."

"Let them, if they will. Their opinions cannot render it improper, and I am too much of a Green Mountain girl to be imbued with any false notions of propriety. To Richmond I must go, and I know that Mr. Mitchell will approve of my visit, and will see that I have an escort."

"That he shall not! That much, at least, I claim the honor of doing for you. Since you insist on going I beg that you will leave the details of your journey to me. I will see that all is made right for your comfort, and will procure you letters of introduction to some influential families in Richmond."

"Thank you. I will avail myself with pleasure of your kindness. I would like to go to-morrow, or the next day at farthest."

"Very well, I will find out all about the trains, and advise you in the morning."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ABDUCTION.

"There is but one course left," Passmore said to himself, gloomily, as he returned to the city. "This marriage with Harry Graham must be prevented. The girl must and shall become my wife. I see plainly that it cannot be done by fair means. It must then be done by foul. I must see Corbin at once."

The details of this interview with Corbin it is not necessary to give. They will work themselves out further on.

Alice was too anxious and energetic to wait to hear from Passmore. She came to the city in an early train the next morning, and called on him at his office.

He had made the necessary inquiries about the trains, and advised her to take one that left the city in the afternoon, to stay in Baltimore over night, and to take a morning train from that city to Washington and Richmond. He wished, he said, to make the journey less fatiguing. He would himself go with her. He had a little leisure just now, and would not like to delegate his duty to other hands.

Alice was touched by this evidence of kindness, and gladly accepted his proffered escort, expressing a strong desire to set out that afternoon if he could make it convenient.

He agreed to do so, declaring that he wished in everything to earn her approbation, and advised her to return home at once and obtain what baggage she would absolutely need, but not to cumber herself with trunks, if she could avoid it, as her absence would probably be a short one.

They left the city, as agreed, in the afternoon train, arriving in Baltimore an hour after dark in the evening. Passmore left his companion in the waiting-room for a few moments, while he went out, ostensibly to make inquiries as to the times of trains and other particulars relating to their further journey in the morning.

He returned after a short absence, saying:

"We must hasten, or we may lose the hotel coach, and with it all chance of a ride from this gloomy station."

He was right. He had delayed so long that all the coaches were gone, there was not a cab in sight, and the gloomy street leading from the station looked dark and forbidding in the cloud-covered night.

"Well, this is a nice business!" he declared, in a tone of vexation. "No line of cars runs near this shadowy retreat. I might procure a cab, but not much this side of the hotel."

"Please don't leave me here alone," she replied. "Is it very far to the hotel?"

"Oh, the distance is not so great. A half mile or so will bring us to Baltimore street, and to the heart of the city. Once there, we shall have no further difficulty. It is the walk through these dark and unpleasant streets that I don't relish."

"I know it is on my account that you dread the walk. Do not mind me. With your protection I have no fear. And I am an excellent walker, as you will find."

"Well, if you are willing to venture."

"Certainly. And even anxious. It will be quite an adventure," she replied, stepping out into the street as evidence of her readiness to proceed.

There were but few people abroad in that part of the town, and they walked briskly along the solitary and dimly-lighted street, turning at length into one of the cross streets leading to the business portion of the city.

In the faint light they could just see a carriage, standing beside the curb, a short distance up the street.

"I would have welcomed the sight of that a short time ago," he said, laughing; "but it is of little use now, when we have but two or three blocks to walk."

"We will finish as we have begun," she said, decidedly.

"There is no danger, and our walk has not been long, nor unpleasant," he continued, as they approached the carriage, beside which two men were standing.

A small, ragged boy brushed past them and ran toward these men, a boy whom she remembered having noticed at the depot.

There was a lamp a short distance ahead, but despite its faint illumination, Passmore managed to stumble against a gentleman who was just passing.

"Take care, sir!" he cried, angrily, driven back several feet by the shock.

"I beg your pardon," began the other, when he was interrupted by a quick, suddenly-stifled scream, followed instantly by the violent slamming of the carriage door.

They turned quickly at this startling interruption. Alice had disappeared, and with her the two men who a moment before stood near them. Passmore sprang toward the carriage, which that instant started up the street, the driver plying his whip with energy. The other gentleman did the same, with the unfortunate result of their again coming in contact and hindering each other's movement.

The stranger looked with a vexed, impatient glance at Passmore, who seemed destined to be in his way at every turn; but suddenly exclaimed:

"Is it possible that it is you? What is the matter, John? Who is the lady?"

"Harry Graham! by all that's magical! What good or bad star has brought you here at this moment?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply, that we have not a moment for words. Your betrothed has been this instant kidnapped from my side, and is in that carriage, rapidly disappearing from sight."

"Alice?" exclaimed Graham, in an indescribable tone, in which dread, wonder, and despair seemed closely mingled.

"It is she!" cried Passmore, darting rapidly up the street, followed by his astounded friend. "Who they are, or what their object, for the life of me I cannot guess," he panted out, as they ran on, at full speed, side by side.

"My God!" cried Graham, half beside himself with sudden horror, "we shall lose them! They have turned into the street ahead, and are out of sight!"

They ran on, shouting in vain for the police, while a number of persons, attracted by their outcries, turned and joined in the pursuit. When they reached the corner of the street into which the carriage had turned it was out of sight.

Graham was stopped in his headlong pursuit by his friend.

"This is useless," cried the latter. "We can never overtake them on foot."

"Why not hasten to the police headquarters, and have the matter telegraphed over the city?" said one of the citizens, who had joined in the pursuit, and had been, from a distance, a witness of the abduction. "They can scarcely escape from the city, if all the police are set on the alert."

"You are right, sir," said Passmore. "I thank you for the suggestion, which I will act on immediately."

Graham restrained with difficulty by the firm grasp which his friend kept upon his arm, now broke from him, and pounced upon a ragged lad, who was pressing curiously into the small crowd that had collected.

"This boy was concerned in the matter!" he cried. "I saw him run up to the carriage and signal the men in it a moment before the abduction."

"You are right," said the gentleman who had spoken before. "I also noticed his movements. Speak, boy, who are those men?"

"I dunno," said the lad, rolling his sharp eyes around as if for a chance to escape.

"Don't lie, my boy, or it will be worse for you. We know that you are connected with them, and you will be punished severely if you fail to tell the whole truth."

"Blest if a feller can tell what he don't know. Them men got me to look out for a lady and gentmen, wot they say was a-coming. That's what I did, and I dunno nothing more about it." The lad gave a slight start as his roving eyes met the gaze of Mr. Passmore. The latter had more control, and looked with utter unrecognition into the shrewd face of Patsy.

"What is your name, and where do you live?" queried the gentleman.

"My name is Johnny Brown, and I lives down there," pointing over his shoulder toward the poorer quarter of the city. "I tell you them fellers was to give me a half, and they's gone and hain't give me a red, and if you wants any more out of me you've got to pay me."

"The boy knows nothing about it, and we are wasting precious moments here," said Graham, impatiently, letting go his prize.

"He knows more than he will confess," said the other speaker, grasping Patsy as he was sidling out of the crowd. "We will take him with us to the police station. He may be known to the officers, or they may be able to make him speak the truth."

The lad, however, saw the matter in a different light. He went along quietly enough till near the dreaded precincts in question, when with a sudden stoop he broke loose from the grasp on his shoulder, and darting like a swallow through the small throng that surrounded, was in an instant shooting down a dark side street. The gentleman, with an exclamation that closely resembled an oath, darted after him. It was evident to all, however, that the boy would not be caught.

The police authorities were duly made acquainted with the affair, and at once telegraphed the details to all the stations through the city, instructing the officers to be on the alert to capture the carriage, as described.

The two friends, unable to do anything more for the time, sat down to await the result of this action. Graham was so full of nervous excitement as to be unable to sit still for a moment. He leaped to his feet, and paced the floor excitedly. His companion, on the contrary, coolly lit his cigar, and smoked away with perfect nonchalance.

"How comes it that you and Alice are in Baltimore together?" suddenly asked Graham, as if the thought had for the first time occurred to him.

Passmore told him the circumstances, substantially as the reader already knows them, and questioned in his turn:

"What brings you here, you that were reported in the papers as dangerously ill, and whom we were hasting to Richmond to nurse back to health?"

"The papers wished to make the most of a poor story. I swallowed a little more water than thirst demanded, that was all, and I was all right after a couple of days. Have you any conception who these men are? Do you think the abduction was meant for Alice in particular?"

"I have no theory about it, and am too much stunned mentally to form one as yet. I can't conceive their object."

Graham, with a gesture of fierce impatience, resumed his walk, showing only by a biting of his under lip the bitter throe of agony that was rending his heart.

At this moment a policeman approached them and reported that a carriage with a pair of gray horses, and otherwise answering the description, had just been seen, driven furiously along a street in the northern portion of the city. The officer who saw it had attempted to stop it, but had narrowly escaped being trampled under the horses' feet. The carriage had driven on with increased speed, and was probably already in the open country to the north.

"We must get horses and pursue them! It is our only hope," cried Graham, rushing to the door, followed more leisurely by his friend.

Horses were readily procured at a stable in the neighborhood, the proprietor of which was acquainted with Passmore. In a few moments they were mounted on a pair of steeds, the owner of which loudly vouched for their speed. Turning into a street leading northward, they were in a moment more clattering fiercely over the stones of Baltimore.

Putting their horses to their mettle, they soon left the city behind them, and struck into a turnpike road leading northward. Here they broke into a greater speed than it was safe to do in the city streets, and rode silently and swiftly over the dark, lonely road, which they had reason to believe was the same as the fugitives had taken.

This headlong flight devoured the miles, yet it seemed a lagging pace to Harry Graham, in the fierce impetuosity of his feelings, and the bitter dread that filled his brain. Passmore rode as if equally anxious to overtake the fugitives, though occasionally a shadow of vexation crossed his face, showing he did not altogether relish the change of programme into which circumstances had drawn him.

The night was somewhat cloudy, but a moon near its full rode behind the flying clouds, sending a dim lustre to earth, and faintly lighting their road. Mile after mile was passed without a sign of their quest being seen, and without abatement in their rapid progress.

Farm-houses and suburban residences were passed, villages left behind, their inhabitants gazing with wondering eyes on this pair of wild horsemen, long reaches of lonely road traversed, but nothing met their straining eyes as evidence that they were pursuing other than a phantom.

A cooler man than Graham would have inquired of the various persons passed concerning the object of their quest, but he was too deeply occupied with the one thought to think of other means than that of continuous pursuit.

At length, as they neared the summit of a long incline, up which they had been forced to slacken their impetuous speed, as the horses were showing signs of distress, the moon broke from her veil of clouds, and rode into a patch of clear sky, pouring a flood of silver radiance over the whole landscape.

Looking with keen vision along the succeeding downward slope, Graham saw, at the foot of the hill, lit by these soft beams, a carriage drawn by a pair of whitish-colored horses.

It was about a quarter of a mile ahead and appeared to be standing still, the driver being on the ground beside it.

"See," he cried exultingly. "We have them!" Giving his horse a touch of the whip he rode down the hill at a break-neck speed, followed more leisurely by his cooler companion.

In a minute more he was beside the carriage, whose driver stood aghast at this fierce apparition descending upon him.

Pulling his horse sharply up he leaped to the ground, and, with almost the same movement flung open the carriage door.

It was empty.

The gush of disappointment that ran through his brain at this was almost too much for his strength to bear. He turned fiercely to the driver.

"Wretch, where are they?"

"Who?" asked the driver in a tone of wonder.

Graham did not reply. His eye had caught a white object in the bottom of the carriage. Instantly grasping it it proved to be a handkerchief, in whose corner plainly appeared the initials, A. W.

"See here, John," he cried with wild exultation. "Here is evidence beyond dispute." He grasped the driver by the collar with a fierceness that sent that individual shaking to his knees.

"Where are they?" he reiterated. "Your life depends on your true answer. I will blow your rascally brains out if you attempt to lie to me about it."

"They heard you coming," said the fellow in trembling tones. "My horses were used up. They jumped over the fence and crossed that field into the woods there."

"The lady with them?" asked Graham, turning the man's face, so that he could see his features in the moonlight.

"Yes," he replied, and continued in a deprecating tone, "don't blame me, gentlemen. They hired me to take an insane lady to the asylum, and when they got in the carriage one of them threatened me with a pistol the whole drive."

"It is true, John," said Graham, looking over the fence, where the moon shone brightly. "The grass is trampled here by fresh footsteps. You keep guard a few minutes over this innocent fellow, and I will try to track them."

Without waiting for an answer he leaped the fence, and in a minute more disappeared within the edge of the wood.

Passmore looked after him with a curious smile, then suddenly crying, "What is that round the bend of the road?" he gave his horse the rein and disappeared round the curve. The cab-driver took instant advantage of the opportunity that seemed specially prepared for him, and turning his horses drove back toward the city.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

Night had fallen, and the city, her lamps not yet kindled, lay shrouded in gloom. A gentleman rapidly made his way down Fourth street, meeting few persons, and avoiding recognition by any, a soft hat being drawn down on his forehead so as to half conceal his features.

Turning into South street, whose numerous store windows threw a flood of illumination across the street, he still more carefully hid his features. He stopped by a lighted window to examine a card which he held in his hand, and then continued his progress, closely examining the numbers of the houses.

At length he stopped at the private door of one, only distinguished from the others by being somewhat larger, and ringing the bell was admitted without delay.

In the entry, lighted by a low gas jet, stood a woman, who inspected the visitor with curious eyes.

"Does not Mr. Gantly live here?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Please tell him that I would like to see him," he continued, handing her a card.

The woman disappeared, but in a few moments returned, requesting him to walk upstairs.

He was ushered into a front room on the second floor, a room rather poorly but neatly furnished. Against the front wall stood a writing desk, with pigeon-holes, garnished with papers, and in the centre was a table covered with well-thumbed books, whose titles showed that they chiefly referred to commercial law, and cognate subjects.

By the table sat an oldish man of singular appearance. His cast of features was decidedly Jewish, though they were in a great measure hid by an immense brown beard that covered the lower half of his face, and hung down half way to his waist.

His hair was less profuse, and appeared to have been long guiltless of the comb, being tossed in intricate tangles over his head, and hanging down over his forehead nearly to his eyes. The curved nose and large but shrewd eyes, covered with green spectacle glasses, which alone appeared in this frame of hair, looked the embodiment of the popular notion of the whole Jewish race.

He was dressed in a suit that had originally been black, but now was almost gray from long and severe wear, and every article of of which was too large for his figure, their folds and wrinkles giving a shrunk, shrivelled appearance to a man of a really powerful frame.

This odd figure, without attempting to rise, motioned the visitor to a seat—watching him closely as he helped himself to a chair, and seated himself at the other side of the table.

"Mr. Solomon Gantly, I believe?" questioned the visitor.

"The thame, at your thervice," replied the other, in a hoarse, deep voice, which was oddly affected by a most decided lisp, but without any other peculiarity of speech.

"And this is your card?" continued the questioner, throwing on the table the card he had examined in the street, and which bore, besides name and directions, the following business indication:—

"CONTRACTOR FOR STORAGE OF UNSALABLE GOODS.

All business strictly private."

"That ith my card," he replied, after reading it intently for a moment.

"Are these your store-rooms?" was the next question, as the visitor walked to the only door leading to the apartment, which he opened suddenly, and looked out.

"All busineth strictly private," said the Jew, as if reading from the card.

"I want to be sure of that," coolly replied his visitor, leaving the door ajar, so that he could see into the entry beyond, and returning to his seat.

"I haven't beenth storing here," continued the Jew. "But I've got thum nice confidential roomith, where fine goodth, say thilks, could be packed thweetly."

"And whence do your goods generally come? Do you import yourself, or receive them at second-hand?"

"I'm open to conthignments from any reponthible party. Busineth ith respectfully requethted and thatisfactorily performed, and goodth kept thafe from rats, policemen, and thuch insects, till a market openth."

A queer smile passed over the features of Mr. Gantly, as he spoke, suggestive to his visitor of a meaning much deeper than the words themselves implied.

"Ah! then if, for instance, I should consign you an invoice of goods, for which I have no present sale, I could trust you to keep them safely and in good condition, free from prying eyes, and to keep a sharp eye open for a safe market."

"That ith the line of trade by which I make mythelf useful to the world."

"And what assurance have I that the proceeds will come safely into my pocket?"

"You can have the money down in advance. Of courth I must have a liberal dithcount for my outlay."

"Yes, two-thirds the value; I know your tricks, my man. I may be able to send you a valuable lot of goods, mostly silks; and will agree to pay you liberally for disposing of them—settlement to be made as soon as a sale is effected. But I must have security for the faithful performance of this contract. I may also require you to provide porters for the quiet removal and storage of these goods, to be done without trouble to myself, or any disturbance of my clerks."

"The porterth will want to be well paid for their trouble."

"You can bargain with them, and let me know their demand, with the understanding that their task will be made so easy that they shall have no trouble or risk in earning their money."

"That lookth fair. But I'm not acquainted here. Can't you get the porterth?"

"Perhaps I may. And now as to the security for your honesty."

The Israelite opened a huge pocket-book, which he took from some deep receptacle in his voluminous coat. From this he carefully abstracted a strip of paper the size of a bank check, and sitting down at the desk proceeded to fill it up and sign it. This he coolly held before the eyes of his visitor, who started violently on reading the name just written.

"Where did you get that name?" he cried, his lips growing white with anger or fear.

"Did you thuppose that I did not know you, John Pathmore?" replied the other, confronting his visitor with eyes that gleamed with an inscrutable emotion. "It ith my busineth to know men like you. I know every leading merchant in Philadelphia by thight, and, as you see, by handwriting. It ith all right though. Mum ith the word."

"But that is his exact signature! It is a forged check you have there."

"Exactly. And the night your thilks come to hand, this ith yourth, with letterth that will send me to the state prison, if you want."

"I see. That is enough. I will accept the security; to be handed back when we make a settlement."

"Yeth. You've got wit, John Pathmore. More wit than honesty." A strange light shone in the old man's eyes, and his face twitched convulsively. His face was toward the window, and these evidences of momentary emotion passed unseen by his visitor. "There, you needn't thay nothing," he continued, turning. "We're all in the thame boat. I thuppose I've got more wit than honesty mythelf. There ith an invoice of thilks in by the Gordon. Ith these the goodth that our night porters ith to carry?"

"Man, you know so much, it is a wonder you didn't know my errand before I came here."

"I did," thought Solomon to himself—repeating aloud, "Oh! that ith my busineth. If I didn't know people and all about them, how would I ever get the confidenth of the public?"

"You are a little of the wizard, are you not! No matter, you will find it decidedly to your interest to be honest with me. You know something about me. I know enough about you already to send you to the State's prison, without aid from that well-written forgery. If you play foul with me, I will have you within a month making shoes in Cherry Hill Penitentiary. Do you like the alternative?"

"No;" said the other, trembling, and shrinking till his clothes hung still more loosely upon him. His eye seemed unable to meet the piercing glance of Passmore, and wandered uncertainly about the room.

"Don't fear. Play fairly with me and you are safe," said the merchant, smiling. "But the least attempt at treachery will be worth five years' solitary confinement to you. And understand that you can't retaliate. When I choose to walk in the dark, I make no tracks."

"You're as thafe from me as the flowerth in May," said Solomon, without explaining why the May flowers were specially safe from him. "You won't be hard on a poor man who tries to make an honest living." He cringed obsequiously, though a humorous line clung round his eyes.

"There, we have enough of that," said Passmore. "No; you needn't mind," he continued, waving back the other, who would have followed him. "I will find the way out."

In a moment more his step was heard descending the stairs, as lightly as though he were an innocent youth of twenty.

He had scarcely left the room ere the face of the Jew broke into a silent convulsion of laughter.

"Fool, with all your wit," he muttered. "You think to frighten me then. We shall see."

Hastily grasping an old slouched hat that lay on a chair in the corner, he stole downstairs after his visitor, and left the house quickly enough to catch a glimpse of him slowly advancing up the street, a short distance ahead.

Solomon waited till he was just visible in the distance, and then commenced to deliberately follow, in a slow, slouching walk that well fitted his dress and appearance. Just keeping his man in sight he thus pursued him for several squares, making his way through the throng of people that surged up and down South street, without losing sight for an instant of his quarry, with an adroitness not warranted by his appearance.

"I thought so," he said, at length; "I had an inkling that he was one of Corbin's rooks." Increasing his speed a little, he came close to Passmore just as he entered a narrow alley at the rear of the houses fronting on Shippen street. As he reached the corner, his unconscious visitor was just entering a gate, a short distance up this alley.

"Now my information will come in good play," muttered the Jew. "That is the rear entrance to the Rookery. I must wait awhile before I venture."

He walked on down the street, so as not to attract observation by lingering in such a suspicious locality. After about fifteen minutes he returned, and passing up the alley, touched the spring of the gate with the facility of a frequent visitor.

Advancing to the rear of the house, he gave the fixed signal at the door, and whispered the password in the ears of the doorkeeper with the readiness of one fully acquainted with the whole machinery of entrance to the Rookery.

The doorkeeper gazed at him curiously.

"Well, you are a new figure anyhow. You seem to be all correct, but I never set eyes on you before."

"I thuppose you know Big Bill, the cracksman?"

"I should rather calculate I did."

"He ith my referenth. The fact ith I've got into trouble with the Mayor's pets, and will have to hide till the scent ith lost."

"Corbin has company just now."

"Then don't dithturb him for me. Just put me in a private room, where I can attend to my devotionth like a Christian, without dithburbing anybody."

Something passed from his hand to that of the doorkeeper that seemed to materially alter the state of the case.

"Only a retaining fee," he said with a slight laugh, as he softly led the way upstairs, and quietly opened the door of a rear room on the third floor. "I guess you'll be safe there for awhile. Don't make any noise, for Corbin don't like to be disturbed when he's got company." Thus saying, he went on quietly down-stairs, leaving the professed fugitive alone.

The latter, as soon as he was satisfied that no ear was within hearing, took a large pair of stockings from his pocket, which he proceeded to draw over his shoes.

"Fortunately the honest keeper of the Rookery don't himself know all the secrets of the house," he said to himself, while thus occupied. "My information has so far proved correct, and I think I can depend on the remainder of it."

Drawing a small revolver from his breast pocket, he examined its charges, and then replaced it with an air of satisfaction.

"It pays to spread your business cards. I think mine is going to bring me a profitable job," he continued, his habitual lisp being lost in these mental utterances.

Slowly opening and closing the door behind him, he proceeded stealthily along a passage leading to the front of the house.

On one side this passage presented a blank wall, apparently the side wall of the house. On the other it opened into a small room, that lay between the front and back apartments, and was dark save for such light as straggled in at the door, and through a small grating in the floor of the loft above.

The walls were wainscoted to the middle of their height, with a dark-colored, foreign wood, ornamented with various mouldings and carvings, in the style of the day in which this old mansion had been erected.

Examining closely the wainscoting of the front wall of the room, Solomon passed his hand with a hard, firm pressure, over the carved figures of a certain part of the wall.

After about five minutes of vain attempts of this kind, his ear caught a slight, crackling noise while pressing a rudely shaped rose. He bore on this with all his strength without further effect. Finally, taking a large key from his pocket, he inserted its pointed end in the opening of the rose, and pushed steadily but forcibly.

Suddenly, with a louder noise than before, a crack appeared in the wainscot, and a door of about three feet high by two wide flew open, revealing a dark passage within.

Solomon stole softly to the door of the room, and listened intently to find if the noise had disturbed any inmate of the house. Not a sound was heard, and after a minute's pause he returned, and taking a bottle of oil from his pocket, proceeded to carefully oil the hinges and springs of this secret door, the rustiness of these betraying their long lack of use. Swaying it back and forth, he soon heard it moving noiselessly.

He had closed the door of the room, but a faint light entered from the loft above, aiding him in his momentary study of the action of the spring, ere he ventured to close upon himself this mysterious door. He also examined the interior of the dark chasm, which proved to be a narrow stairway, built in the thickness of the wall, and leading downward at a steep slant.

He closed the door carefully, expecting to be left in utter darkness. But a few rays of light struggled through unseen cavities in the wood work, matched by a like faint glimmer which was visible further down the stairs, and from which seemed to come a low hum of voices.

He stood several minutes motionless, at the end of which time his eyes grew somewhat accustomed to the deep gloom, and the outline of the stairs grew dimly visible.

At the end of this pause he proceeded to carefully descend, planting each footstep with the utmost caution, lest a creaking stair should alarm the persons whose voices grew more audible at every step. The stairway proved to have been too solidly built to permit of creaking, and he reached the level of the lower gleam of light with perfect noiselessness.

The light here was somewhat stronger, as coming from a more fully illuminated room, and through the crevices admitting it came the sound of voices, now distinctly audible. The hidden guest, who had so cautiously reached this point of vantage, now seated himself on one of the stairs, with his ear to the minute apertures, prepared to drink in the conversation of the unsuspicious parties in the adjoining room.

A voice, somewhat familiar to him, though he was unable to locate it, was saying:

"Safe at the Dodge farm. A stern chase, you know, is a long one. Durn me if it wasn't a queer business anyhow the way you got drawed into it. That fellow, Graham, has a touch of the devil in him when he gets started. I never had a narrower slip."

"Slip from what?" answered another voice, which the listener instantly recognized as that of Passmore.

"Well, maybe it was from putting a bullet through the uneasy young rat, and that I'd hated to do, with the gal there. 'Twouldn't have been safe, nuther. We done the best to hide in the gully, with a hand on her talking trap, till the boy was past. How did he get out of the James, anyhow, after being sucked into the whirl of the sinking steamer?"

"He was picked up by a boat from the other vessel, not much the worse for a few mouthfuls of water. The papers reported him near dead, but that was only a bit of newspaper fact."

"And now about that other matter. When will the silks be in?"

"They are at the wharf now, and the vessel unloading. I will have them in store in two or three days, and placed conveniently for your enterprise."

"And the invoice is very valuable?"

"Yes, it includes a quantity of laces and shawls of superior quality. Do you think of entrusting this job to other hands?"

"I don't know yet. This is an easy job and I may go for all the profits. I must think about it whether it will be best to take a regular cracksman into the bargain."

"I will see that the path is clear, the door open. You need only make the usual burglar's marks, as if you had broken your way in. You know Gantly's place?"

"Yes. I have the card you gave me. I must say though that I don't know the man. He's a new cove in these quarters. Some New Yorker that's come here to rusticate, I guess."

"The Rookery is not a safe place in my notion, and this fellow is new to the police. The card I got fell into my hands by a sort of accident, and I don't think he has many out. I must stop that operation, they read suspiciously. I will keep him under my thumb till this job is put through, then he can continue his course to the Penitentiary as fast as he wants."

The listener, at this juncture, shifted his position so as to look through an aperture, with the intention of getting sight of the keeper of the Rookery.

The instant he did so he uttered a low involuntary exclamation, sufficiently loud however to bring the others to their feet, Corbin, pistol in hand, glaring in all directions with fierce, dangerous eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHICH CONQUERED?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARGARET DOUGLASS.

Mr. Racamier was called an eccentric man by all his acquaintances, and on the very day of his death he proved they were right in their opinion of him. These were the circumstances: He was a West Indian, and had married late in life a young and beautiful woman who died of consumption when their only child, a girl, was but one year old.

Mr. Racamier was a very reserved man, and during his whole life had made but one real *friend*, John Marchmont. Shortly after the loss of his wife, he received news of John's death, and learned at the same time that he was left sole guardian of his friend's only son. The child was sent out to him and the old man soon became very fond of the bright, handsome little fellow. It was an understood thing that one day the boy and girl would be husband and wife. Max and little Cerise played together for seven happy years, it must be confessed not always amicably, for they were both high tempered, and Max on the score of his superior years claimed a right to command which the fiery Cerise strenuously denied. "You will be my wife one day, uncle says, and *then* you'll *have* to mind me!" he would always say when she declined to obey him. "Never, never, never; I'll *die* first!" the girl would cry, stamping her tiny feet.

Toward the close of the seventh year, Mr. Racamier became more and more feeble, and one bright Winter afternoon he lay dying. All day long he had been very weak, but toward evening his strength seemed suddenly to return to him. Raising himself in bed, he ordered Cerise and Max to be brought to him. They came in hand in hand, looking with childish wondering eyes at the darkened room, and the man who lay so still and white among the pillows. His lips tried to form the words he wished to say, but in vain; his face worked convulsively, and after a desperate effort he gasped, "Marry them." The minister hesitated to obey such a hasty order, and the dying man seeing this, made agonizing attempts to speak, but without success. At length, however, the clergyman thought best not to interfere, and soon all was made ready, and in the very presence of the dread messenger of death, the life-threads of the girl of eight, and of the boy of fourteen, were knitted into one. From this moment the sick man sank rapidly, and about ten o'clock another soul drifted out into eternity. Just before he died he muttered, "Thank God—Cerise won't—alone." "*Alone!*" Yes, that word explained all.

His will ordered that Max should be sent abroad to study his profession, and Cerise to the United States to her only living relative, an old aunt; that they should write to each other but once a year, and not meet until the girl was nineteen. A strange act surely, and the happiness of two human lives was either made or marred by it; whether the former or the latter, only the future could tell.

We must now ask the reader to say an revoir to Cerise for the space of eleven years. When we meet her again the child has grown into a young girl "standing with reluctant feet" on the threshold of womanhood, casting sad, longing looks at her past childhood, and gazing into the unfathomable future with a mixture of eagerness and fear. She is still little Cerise in stature, and her face fulfils the golden promise of her early days. The black eyes which looked out so expectantly into the wild storm, are the same which danced so merrily in the glowing little gypsy face eleven years ago. They are not dancing now, but look like an April sky, now dreamy and soft, now flashing and defiant. The shapely little head crowned with braids of blue-black hair, is thrown resolutely back; the lithe, graceful figure is drawn up proudly, and altogether there is an air of determination about the young girl which would make you laugh were it not so real. Her mouth has a firm way of pressing its scarlet lips together, which shows that its owner is gifted with no ordinary amount of strength of will and resolution.

This night Cerise is to meet her husband. In a few hours, perhaps minutes, the man to whom she is bound for life will stand before her, and on that first meeting the issue of their lives depends. As children they had been fond of each other, but this feeling had long since died out. Max accepted his marriage as a matter of course, and never wasted sentiment when thinking of his wife. To Cerise, the mere idea that she owed duty to a man was a bitter reflection; when she thought that she had promised to honor and *obey*, and that she virtually *belonged* to her husband, her Southern blood would rise hotly, and she would clench her white teeth and say passionately, "I will *never* yield one wish at his command, *never!*"

In this frame of mind she was pacing the dusky old parlor that Autumn evening, stopping now and then to cast uneasy glances out into the wild night. At length weary of walking, she threw a scarlet talma over her head, and raising the window crouched on the broad sill, and let old memories weave their web around her. So earnestly was she thinking that she heard not the carriage drive up to the house, nor the firm manly tread in the hall. The stranger opened the parlor door and tried to pierce the gloom with his keen eyes. Cerise hearing the door open, after a moment's hesitation, rose from her seat and stepped forward. Max, for it was he, now more accustomed to the dim light could distinguish the dusky outline of her figure, but could not see her face. She came toward him quickly but noiselessly, and as she stood opposite him the fire-light fell on her face, and illumined her dark beauty with wonderful effect. Max felt as though he were standing before some pixie or naiad. The white dress she wore fell in heavy lustreless folds around her slight form, and the scarlet scarf became well the half-childish, half-womanly face that it framed.

She gave him her hand, and cast at him a half-frightened, half-defiant look. He merely bowed his head over it, noting the look; seeing that he expected her to speak, she said—

"I must apologize for the dim light, we did not expect you so soon. I will have the candles lit at once." Without waiting for a reply, she slipped from the room. Max left alone, stood looking into the fire; at length he muttered, "If this is not a cool way to welcome a man after so many years! By George, if this is the American fashion, I don't admire it." His soliloquy ended in a subdued whistle. When candles were brought in, Cerise returned, and was to all appearances perfectly cool and unconstrained. For a short time they sat trying to keep up a conversation upon indifferent subjects, but it lagged sadly, for each was conscious of being keenly watched by the other. Max after a short time begged to be excused, saying that his journey had tired him. After he had locked his door he sat down to collect his thoughts.

"Of course I did not expect her to go into raptures, but I *did* expect a slightly warmer welcome. Inclined to rebel against husbandly control also. Very well, madame, I have broken skittish colts before now. I think before long you will be conquered." His thoughts ended in a a disdainful laugh as though he scorned her efforts to defy him.

Cerise while she was brushing out her long black hair had her thoughts also. They ran somewhat in this wise. "Oh dear! so he's come at last. I hope he will not trouble himself about me, but just forget there is such a person. If he thinks I'm going to yield to every whim and wish, he'll be mistaken. He looked rather provoked at not finding everything ready on his return. I am glad of it, I'd like to make him angry. I know those keen gray eyes can flash," and the girl ended her meditations with a merry ringing laugh which reached across the hall and sounded in her lord's ears. "Laugh away, my wife! laugh at me if you will, but I will change this state of affairs. What a child she is!" he moodily thought. Ending her laugh, Cerise began to hum a gay little French song, not because she felt lively, but to keep from thinking. It proved a failure, and came to an abrupt end, for the girl found it useless to try to get rid of the disagreeable companionship of her thoughts. "How strong he looks! His mouth looks as though it never found any difficulty in saying 'no.' How he watched me. I never could love him. I don't exactly believe in 'love' however, and I only hope it will be possible for us to live together in peace. You cannot frighten me in the least, sir. I think we are well matched. If you are determined, so also am I." And no one who saw the girl's face at that moment could have doubted that she was.

Max and his wife were perfectly polite to each other; in fact it was an armistice, each one standing resolutely aloof and intently watching the other's slightest move. Max determined from the first to conquer this woman, not because he loved her, but just from an innate love of power. He at once read his wife's intentions, but laughed at the mere thought of her striving against him. Things went on in this way for about three months. Max finding himself no nearer the goal began to be impatient. One memorable morning as he stood before the glass, shaving, he muttered, "It is America that has spoiled her. Some confounded woman has been talking to her and saying that she ought to rule her husband instead of *vice versa*. I'll begin to-day; she shall learn that there is but one ruler in my house, and I am he." With the above-mentioned beautiful sentiment on his lips, Max descended the stairway and entered the breakfast-room. After the meal was over Cerise took her book into the library, and Max, instead of driving into town as usual, took the morning paper and seated himself near her. After half an hour had passed in this way, Mr. Marchmont said:

"Mrs. Marchmont, will you bring me that magazine which came last night, I think it is in the parlor?" The tone in which it was said implied he expected to be obeyed. Cerise turned her head and asked carelessly:

"Did you speak?"

He repeated his words in the same tone. She raised her eyebrows and looked haughtily at him for a minute, then stretched out her hand and rang the bell loudly. A servant answered it, and to him she gave her husband's order. As she took up her book she shot a glance of defiance, not unmixed with derision, at Max. Mr. Marchmont was thunderstruck. His wife had utterly disregarded a command, a direct command given her! She openly defied him! Max was a gentleman, however, and after he had recovered from his astonishment he felt bitterly ashamed that he had so far forgotten himself as to use such a tone to his wife, and to ask her to wait on him. For a moment he was tempted to ask her pardon, but then, he told himself, that would seem as though he surrendered to her. His eyes somehow would wander over to her, and at this point his train of thought came to an abrupt end, and he gave himself up to the study of the bright face before him which seemed so wickedly unconscious of the storm she had raised in his breast. For a long time he sat looking at her from behind his newspaper. All at once he was awakened to consciousness of his employment by having a pair of black eyes raised to his face in demure surprise. Too dignified to turn hastily away, thereby betraying his previous occupation, he became suddenly deeply absorbed in the wall-paper above her head. After one amused glance at the seemingly pre-occupied face, her eyes were again lowered to her book. Mr. Marchmont's attention also returned, not to his book, but to Cerise's face. Again the eyes dancing with suppressed merriment flashed full at him, and again his eyes sought the wall. Affecting an absent-minded manner, he slowly brought his eyes to Cerise's face and said:

"You seem interested in your book."

"And you in the wall-paper," she replied, sweetly.

"Pish!" uttered in a smothered voice was the only reply she received. Seeming not to hear it she continued,

"It is certainly an exquisite tint, and you seemed very much pleased with it; now for my part—"

Interrupting her with something that sounded strangely like "Confound these women!" Mr. Marchmont beat a hasty retreat. Outside the door he paused a moment, and the softest, merriest, wickedest little laugh he ever heard fell on his ear. Turning angrily he seized his hat and left the house. As he stalked grimly along he thought, "What a fool I am, what a fool! What in the devil possessed me to stare at her in that fashion? She has a right to despise me now, and no doubt she does. The idea of you, Max Marchmont, speaking to any woman in the tone you did! It was too contemptible!" and using his cane as a sword he snapped off the heads of the few late flowers which were blooming in the beds around him.

Old Sandy, the gardener, stood aghast at the wholesale ruin going on, but though Max had been home such a short time the servants quickly discovered that he had what his English servant called "han awful temper!" Therefore he wisely decided not to interfere, and merely contented himself with saying, "Well, that's the master in one o' his tantrums!"

Max resumed his walk with a moody face, and for almost an hour longer he strode up and down the avenue. At the end of that time his face cleared slightly, and if any one had been near enough they might have heard him utter, "Suppose I did? What then? If I thought she could— Oh, pshaw what nonsense! But it might happen. Who knows?" With these not very intelligible words he entered the house. That evening as he sat on the verandah smoking, he muttered again, "It might happen. Who knows? *I* don't for one!" and the laugh with which he ended his words was not a pleasant one. Neither do you or I know, good reader. How should we be able to understand that which Max could not?

From this time these half-formed thoughts began to gain consistency and become tangible things.

Mr. Marchmont determined to spend the Winter in New York, so about a week after the above-related scene, he and his wife found themselves comfortably established in a handsome house in the fashionable quarter of this modern Babylon.

Cerise had led a very quiet life while with her aunt. She had never been sent to school, but had teachers at home, consequently she knew no young girls, and in fact had been brought up as though the fact of her being married would debar her from all enjoyment of life.

Miss Jemima Racamier was a strict woman. When her brother married she was indignant at his choice. "An Italian woman and an opera singer," was her comment when she

heard the news. She had no option but to take Cerise upon her father's death. She looked upon the child's early marriage as a relic of the dark ages. One late Winter evening she descended into her parlor to welcome the little traveller. As Aunt Jemima's tall, gaunt figure appeared before the child, she clung closely to her nurse and gazed timidly at her relative, who was regarding her with a slightly acid look. Having finished her inspection Miss Racamier held out her hand, saying briskly, "Come here, child."

Cerise obeyed, and her aunt tilted back her head and scrutinized the upturned face as coolly as though it was a milk-jug whose contents she was examining. Cerise, having recovered from her timidity, returned the compliment. After a minute or two, Miss Jemima pushed her away, muttering:

"Humph! Looks like her mother. No trace of our family in *her* face. A perfect gypsy."

In truth Cerise's dark Oriental beauty never found favor in her aunt's eyes.

When Miss Racamier thrust her aside little Cerise took refuge at her nurse's side, and said in an audible whisper:

"Nurse, what makes her nose so red and shiny? She's *awful* ugly."

Miss Racamier never forgave the child for her thoughtless words.

Little Cerise was brought up after a plan originated by Aunt Jemima; it consisted in keeping her immured in a house four miles from any town, allowing her no companions, dressing her in the plainest possible manner, and scolding her without ceasing. In spite of all this, Cerise could not be made a model girl—her spirits were never affected by her aunt's incessant fault-finding. She would escape as quickly as possible, run off into the woods, and there forget all her troubles in wondering childishly what the great world was like. As she grew older she began to dislike the very name of her husband, for Aunt Jemima always answered, when she begged to be permitted to go out a little more, "You must remember that you are married."

One day as the girl was sitting with her head in her old nurse's lap, she said suddenly—

"Nurse, do you know I'm afraid I hate my husband!"

"Why, deary!"

"Yes, I know it's wicked, and it will end in my going to perdition, as Aunt Jem always says I will; but it's true, nurse, it's awful to think that I *belong* to him!" and Cerise shuddered as though it was too terrible even to speak of. The next minute she laughing gayly and was chasing her spaniel, like a very child, leaving Agnes, who loved her nursling as though it were own, sorely perplexed as to her real feelings. About a year before Max returned, Aunt Jemima went the way of all flesh, believing devoutly that she had done her duty to her niece.

Max introduced his wife to the world, and night after night was now one whirl of gayety. As Cerise looked back she laughed at her childishness. She had believed that if she could only mingle with the world, let her husband be or do what he might, she would be happy. Now she found how insufficient such things are, and, though she was seemingly the gayest of the gay, there was a terrible trouble weighing on her heart and clouding her life, and that trouble was her husband. She could not love him, and the idea that she was forced to live with him forbade all liking. Cerise was no heroine, but only common clay. Instead of battling against her dislike for Max, she brooded over it, we might almost say, cherished it, until she was almost driven wild. Imaginative, she construed his slightest words into insults; and, impulsive, she said everything that rose to her tongue. Max's idea grew more and more tangible about this time, and was fast becoming the one thought of his life. "I must conquer, I will, because,—" and here he would stop, while a strange new light would come into the cold gray eyes; not even to himself would he put his idea into words.

One night as Cerise sat by the fire thinking, and deluding herself into the belief that Max was a heartless tyrant, the fire-light flashing on her wedding-ring caught her attention. Taking her left hand in her other she raised it and hissed between her closed teeth:

"This is the badge of my servitude! How I hate it, and the man who placed it there!" and she flung her hand from her with such force that it struck the sharp ledge of the marble mantel and fell back into her lap cut and bruised severely. The crimson blood trickled unheeded upon the white satin, for the agony of the girl's mind was too great to allow her to see what she had done.

At the breakfast-table Max looked earnestly at the cut hand, and Cerise noticing this wrapped her handkerchief around it and looked haughtily at him. After they had risen from the table he came to her side, and before she could prevent him caught the wounded hand tightly in both his own.

"How did you hurt your hand so badly? Look, it is literally crushed!"

Cerise made a frantic effort to snatch her hand away, but he held it fast, looking intently at her meanwhile. Another, and another unsuccessful effort to free herself and then she gasped:

"Take your hand from mine, this instant, sir! I hate you. Can you not see how I feel toward you? Never dare to touch me!"

Max looked at her in evident amazement, then laughed discordantly, and said:

"Are you crazy? I almost believe you are;" and he raised her in his arms as though she were a child, and placing her in the chair from which she had sprung, added:

"Don't get excited. I'm going."

His laugh had little mirth in it as he left the room. In the hall he stopped a moment and muttered hoarsely, "God help me! It is hopeless."

Left alone, tears of bitter anger and mortification forced themselves from Cerise's eyes. The last she shed, poor child, for long, weary days.

From this time the merry laugh was never heard, the childish sparkle died from her eyes forever, and one thought was interwoven in her whole life: "I could not even take my hand from him. I am utterly and entirely in his power—*entirely in his power.*" The girl was learning a hard, bitter phase of life, and under its influence was rapidly becoming a woman.

Max saw the change, but only half understood it. Her face was never turned toward him now with graceful malice speaking from every curve and dimple; the glowing, elfish light faded from her eyes. The naiad was fast becoming a cold, haughty woman: proud, almost insolent to her husband. Max bore her behaviour to him with marvellous patience. He, whom men called harsh and exacting, was, to the woman who tried him in every imaginable way, forbearing and long-suffering. And why? Because, dear reader, he had learned his lesson, the same sweet, old lesson taught to Adam in Paradise—he loved her. Loved her not mildly, but so passionately, fiercely and earnestly, that all other emotions seemed to resolve themselves into this one.

Languid and weak during the day, Cerise seemed to gain fresh strength and vigor with the gas-lights, and donning, so to speak, her mask and domino, went into the gay world, where she carried off the palm for wit, mirth and brilliancy.

Ever since there has been a world, philosophers have grumbled over its uncharitableness, and especially over the readiness of one woman to think and speak evil of another. Although Cerise lived some thousands of years after the Creation, there was no improvement either in the world or its inhabitants. With youth, beauty and riches, Cerise had to run the gauntlet among the *elite* of society, and people's tongues, especially women's, lashed her cruelly. These wounds were given behind her back by women who met her night after night with smiles and honied words. The women who slandered her most cruelly were not angels; what they might have been *once* is different, but *now* the clay and stains on their once angel-garb of purity gave evidence of many a trip and stumble in the pathway of life; and so they went on forgetful that—

"Soiling another will not make one's self clean."

But in truth Cerise's conduct was hardly prudent. When she entered the brilliantly-lighted parlors she seemed to fling all care to the winds, and laughing, dancing, and even flirting, spent night after night. Wherever she went a crowd of gentlemen attended her, and she lavished smiles and pleasant words upon every one except her husband. Max tried gently to persuade her to go out less, but she heard him carelessly, and paid no attention to his wishes, and he did not press the point, seeing how she seemed to enjoy the constant excitement of the gay world.

"Anything rather than thought, nurse," she answered when old Agnes implored her to stay more at home. So Cerise let herself drift with the current, wilfully blinding herself to what might come of her folly.

Among her most devoted cavaliers was John Hautagne. Handsome, rich, with good birth and social position, he had no objection to a flirtation with a pretty married woman. In his own words, "It was deuced safer to flirt with a married woman than a single one. No danger of getting hooked, and if a *grand fracas* comes, sir, the woman gets all the blame, by George!"

When questioned by his gentlemen (?) friends about this little affair *de cœur*, and when some one went so far as to declare that she was evidently smitten, he gave such answers as could be construed into either an admission or a denial that it was true. This, together with Cerise's apparent indifference to her husband and marked liking for Hautagne, gave an air of veracity to the report.

Mr. Marchmont had been so many years abroad that he was about this time employed night and day getting his affairs into order, consequently he very rarely went out with his wife. Cerise drifted on and on, seeming in danger of being dragged down and lost in the hungry tide which has engulfed so many thousand unfortunate women. Still she resolutely put aside all thought, looking neither forward nor backward. Except when excited, her face was colorless and her step languid. At night her rest was broken by a sharp, hacking cough. Old Agnes tried in vain to get her to take medicine. The girl laughing recklessly, answered:

"It isn't anything, and what matter if it were?"

One night Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont attended a grand reception; it was toward the end of the season. Max, after paying his respects to his hostess and chatting with a few friends, wandered into the conservatory, and was soon lost in thought. In a lull in the music he was aroused by hearing his name spoken in a masculine voice; listening, he caught the words:

"Very pretty romantic little affair—married when children—hate each other—wife in love with Hautagne—talked about awfully—there she is—woman in red silk—young Mrs. Marchmont, you know."

"How young she looks! Almost a girl. Her husband should take better care of her."

Then the music re-commenced, and the speakers moved off.

A terrible blow had fallen on Max Marchmont. Was it possible that this was true? No, he would never believe it. "Almost a girl." Yes, and what care had he taken of her? These and other vague, half-formed thoughts confused his mind. For a minute or two he could not move: then controlling his feelings, he entered the dancing-saloon, and offering his arm to Cerise, led her into the conservatory.

"Mrs. Marchmont, I wish you to go home with me at once."

She looked up, intending to refuse, but his face had a strange, white look, which compelled her to yield. In a few minutes they were whirling home. Neither spoke. Cerise was too worn out, and Max could think of nothing except the stranger's words, "Her husband should take better care of her."

When they entered the house, Cerise turned to ascend the stairs.

"Will you come in here a moment?" asked Max, opening his study door.

"Will not to-morrow do?" returned Cerise, wearily.

"Now, if you please," was the only answer she received.

Max handed her a chair. She declined it coldly, and stood leaning against the mantel. For a few minutes Max did not speak; how could he tell his wife what trouble she had brought upon herself and him? As he was considering, he looked at the haughty figure before him. Only five months ago had he met her, but what a change had passed over her. There was no trace now of the childish timidity with which she had greeted him then. The once laughing mouth had a hard look, and the half-merry, half-daring light had died from the brown eyes, and they now looked at him with a lurid dare-devil glow. The cold, disdainful face regarding him questioningly, forced him to speak.

"Mrs. Marchmont, I wish you to give up the acquaintance of Mr. Hautagne."

"Might I ask why?" she returned, indifferently.

"Because I wish it," he answered hotly, stung by her tone.

"An all-sufficient reason," was the satirical response.

"Do you mean that you decline to obey?"

"Exactly," was the cool reply.

"Your conduct is disgraceful. By Heaven, you shall obey me."

"Sir, I did not come here to be insulted;" and she turned toward the door.

"You shall not leave me. Is it possible you do not know what is said of you?" he asked, laying his hand on her arm.

She threw it off, saying insolently, "I allow no one to question my conduct."

"Cerise, I implore, I entreat you to consider. For the sake—"

Cerise interrupting with a scornful laugh, said, "For the sake of the love I bear you?"

"I intended saying for the sake of your dead mother," he answered, sadly.

Her face became white as death, and her lip trembled, but only for a moment. Controlling herself, she cried fiercely:

"Do not dare to mention my mother's name after insulting her daughter so cruelly." Her angry tone changed to bitterness as she continued, "If I have wrecked my life, it was through hate of you. If I have thrown away all future happiness, it was from hate of you."

At these words Max's face became bloodless as her own. He tried to speak, but she stopped him, laughing bitterly.

"Is it news to you that I hate you? Did you never guess it? You seem hardly to understand yet—*I hate you.* I am dying, and death will be doubly welcome; soon all will be over, and I shall be free! free!" And she laughed exultantly and stretched out her arms, as though already tasting the liberty for the want of which she was *dying.* As she did so, the wide crimson sleeve fell back, showing how frightfully emaciated the once round arm had become. "I hated you so that I became reckless as to what happened to me. I hated you so—" Her face became ghastly; she stopped, shudderingly, and covered her face with her hands; then ended in a kind of breathless whisper, "I hated you so, oh, God! I could almost have killed myself."

A deep silence reigned for several minutes. Then Max came forward, and placing his hand on her bowed head, said in a low, tender voice, "Cerise."

She raised her head, looking at him with startled eyes, as though she knew not where she was. Then she resumed:

"All that time is over. I never think, but drift with the tide, living from day to day, nothing more. *N'importe*, I am obliged to you for acting as escape valve for a few troublesome thoughts. I would have died a few days sooner than I will, had I not given them words. I'll not give you any more heroics to-night, however."

Max sprang forward to detain her, but before he reached her she had gained her own room.

All that night he sat wrestling with himself. When the moon sank and stars grew dim the terrible struggle was still going on. When the pale sunbeams stole into the room mingling weirdly with the gas-light, the battle was over. He decided to leave Cerise, although the separation would be like tearing out his heart. She should live abroad, or where she pleased, under the care of old Agnes, and he would never cease watching over her, though thousands of miles should be between them.

Yes, she should be happy, even though he died in making her so. He left the room and entered the one where she lay asleep. He knelt beside the bed and gazed with ghastly, haggard face at the girl who slumbered so peacefully, looking more lovely in his eyes now that he was about to resign her, than ever she looked before. But not even then did he falter. With a passionate gesture he pressed his lips to hers, and from the depths of his strong heart groaned,

"My darling, my darling!"

Then he left the room softly and entered his study, looking ten years older than the night before.

About three o'clock that day Max had received a letter informing him that Mons. Rengras, a distant cousin of his, was slowly dying of an incurable disease at a little French town. This man had been kind to Max when he was first sent abroad, and had ever proved a true friend. He decided to go there. The man was dying alone and friendless; it was his duty to go at once. With a heavy heart he made his hasty preparations, and then sought his wife to bid her good-bye. In a few words he told her his plan. She answered nonchalantly.

"Well, *bon voyage.* Do hurry home on my account. I would be in despair if deprived of your agreeable society for any length of time."

"Mrs. Marchmont, I conclude that you have decided to comply with my wishes with regard to Mr. Hautagne?"

"Do you? Then you will learn not to conclude so hastily," she returned, stifling a yawn.

"Cerise, for Heaven's sake, don't be so childish! Once for all—"

"For Heaven's sake, spare me! I heard all this last night, and gave my answer then."

"The carriage is come, sir," said a servant, putting his head in the door. As the man closed the door, he turned to his wife, saying,

"Once more, will you obey me?"

"I have answered, sir," though her tone was calm, the tiny hands locked themselves together convulsively.

"You will be late, sir," said his servant, opening the door.

"What do I care? Go to the devil!" was the rough reply, as the man retired hastily. He turned again to Cerise, and said:

"As you value my esteem and respect, I warn you to stay at home while I am absent."

"I value them not at all. Good-bye. You will be late," and she picked up her novel.

Not daring to trust himself longer in the room with her, he took her passive hand in his and then hurried out.

"Pshaw! respect and esteem! Very fine words, but coming from him they mean nothing. Of course I'll go to Mrs. Adams's this evening," she said, when left alone.

As she rolled slowly along the crowded thoroughfare, the carriage wheel became locked with another, and they were forced to stop. The passers-by turned to look at the beautiful woman with diamond-crowned hair, and Cerise read many an envious look cast at her rich garments. Among the crowd of people waiting to pass, Cerise noticed two. One a young girl, with a bright, pretty face, and the other a young man on whose arm she leaned. From the looks which passed between them, Cerise guessed they were betrothed. The girl gave a sudden exclamation, and whispered to her lover;

"Oh, John, look there! What a splendidly-beautiful lady! And covered with diamonds. John, it's like a fairy-tale."

"So it is. She's gorgeous! I wish I could dress *you* like that, Kate," and a decided expression of discontent crossed John's face.

"You silly old fellow. As if your love was not more to me than all the diamonds in the world. And see, John, she does not look happy, but almost miserable. Oh, love is ten million times better than riches!" The speech was a foolish one, little Kate, but you were young, and it belongs to youth to make such; a few years more of battling against the world, and you will look back with scornful pity at your words and yourself for uttering them.

Then the carriage rolled on, leaving Kate unconscious that the lady had heard her words. Cerise shrank back on the cushions and thought bitterly.

"Happy! No, miserable. Sick of life, and everything." She tried to resume her former indifference, but in vain. Thoughts that she had resolutely pushed aside for the last few months now thrust themselves upon her. All her conduct passed before her eyes, and she was fain to groan, "Blind, blind! How will it end?"

When the carriage stopped Cerise had recovered her equanimity, and it was remarked that Mrs. Marchmont never seemed in better spirits or looked lovelier. Hautagne managed to keep near her all evening, and as they came from supper he led her into the conservatory.

They seated themselves at one end, and were screened from view by a tall, tropical tree and a thicket of roses. Hautagne threw himself at her feet, and for a time there was silence between them. Suddenly he burst forth in a passionate declaration of his love for her.

Cerise, shocked and astonished, could not speak, but sprang to her feet with a frightened look. Hautagne rose and tried to draw her toward him; she wrenched herself from his grasp, and turning toward him with anger blazing in her eyes, she poured forth such a torrent of fierce, angry words, that he was subdued and almost frightened.

"Now leave me, and never dare to enter my presence. We are strangers; nay, I am your bitter enemy from this day. John Hautagne, you will live to repent your words to me! Go, leave me!" As she finished he shrank away, and she seated herself again and tried to think, but she could not,—"The end has come, the end has come," surged through her brain, keeping time in bitter mockery with one of Strauss's wild, brilliant valses. After a time she rose and entered the ball-room, and for another hour masked her bleeding heart under a smiling face.

At length she escaped, and was soon riding home in a thick, misty drizzle. Her cloak lay neglected in the bottom of the carriage and the rain came through the open windows, beating on the uncovered neck and arms. As she reached her chamber-door she staggered and fell, while a crimson stream rushed from her lips.

Old Agnes, entering a few minutes after, found her lying in a pool of blood. She had broken a blood-vessel, the doctor said. Mr. Marchmont was telegraphed for, and the news of his wife's illness reached him the very day he was to sail. He returned, and for long, weary days he nursed Cerise. They thought she would die, but the will of God was otherwise.

One day she woke from her long lethargy, and saw Agnes bending over her. At first all was a blank, but gradually everything came back to her. Agnes told how Mr. Marchmont had nursed her, and how the doctor said that she owed her life to her husband. Cerise thought, "Why did I not die? I am sick of living, and it seems I cannot die without my husband is willing."

She shrank from Max, and he, noticing it, gave her almost entirely into her old nurse's care. Cerise grew slowly better, but not one word of thanks did she give to her husband for his untiring care of her. One afternoon when she was reclining on the couch in his study, he began to talk, and mentioned carelessly that Mr. Hautagne had gone to France. Before he could stop her she had given him a minute account of the scene at Mrs. Adams's, ending with—

"It will be a triumph for you to know that if I disobeyed you I was punished. It will be a proof of your remarkable discernment. I know you will be delighted," and she laughed hysterically.

"What has passed shall be forgotten between us. If you disobeyed I had forgiven it long ago, Cerise," and he took her hand. "Cerise let us be friends, dear."

She caught her hand from his, and cried angrily—

"I do not want your forgiveness. I would do exactly the same to-morrow!"

As soon as Cerise could be moved they sailed for Italy; and there, under Italian skies, Cerise's baby drew its first breath. Max noticed, half-pained, half-pleased, that the woman who to him was always cold and hard, could *lavish* love upon the helpless little creature in her arms. Often Mr. Marchmont would stand outside the door, feeling like an outcast, as he watched the happy young mother playing with her baby, and seeing a shadow of her old smile light her face as the tiny, nerveless hand tried to grasp the short black curls which framed its mother's face. And as Cerise showered kisses on the little face, Max felt that he would give all his life if he could feel her lips touch his as they touched his child's, though it were but for one moment.

Since her child's birth, Cerise had ceased to taunt and sneer at him every time he addressed her; she was more gentle now, but still he never spoke of what lay nearest his heart. Under the warm climate Cerise seemed likely to recover, but when baby Neil was about six months old, the cough returned, and she gradually grew weaker. At last she could not leave her bed, and the doctor looked graver after every visit.

One day, as he was leaving the room, she gathered all her courage, and said,

"Doctor, am I very sick?"

The doctor hesitated, and then said, "Very." The girl's face became blanched, but she continued bravely.

"Am I dying? Tell me, I *must* know." And then he told her. A few days more, perhaps hours, and then all the thread of that young life would be spun. When the doctor left she clasped her sleeping babe to her breast, and gave one low cry fraught with all the bitterness of her heart. She prayed, not in submission, but in rebellion. She would not die, God would not be so cruel as to let her die. Who would care for her baby when she was gone; and day after day the battle went on, for life, since her baby's coming, had become as sweet as it was before hateful.

Max saw the struggle, and, with breaking heart, sought by strong, tender words and gentle care to give her the comfort he so much needed himself. Max and his wife were nearer to each other now than they had ever been before. In her trouble she turned to him, and he, crushing aside the thought of his own great agony, sustained and upheld her in this time of woe.

If God sends trouble, He also sends strength to bear it, and so it was with Cerise. In time she learned that greatest of all great lessons—resignation. From her heart she could say, "Not my will, but Thine."

A few more weeks dragged on, Cerise suffering terrible bodily pain. Day by day she grew weaker; the end was almost come, and it would, indeed, be a release from her sufferings. One summer evening the pain left her for a time, and she seemed stronger.

"Max, husband, raise me in your arms, please, I *must* speak before I die." He folded his arms around the wasted form, and, pillowed on his breast, she began again—

"Max, will you forgive me for all the pain and trouble I have caused you?"

He could not speak, but his kiss was more eloquent than words.

"I cannot love you as a husband, but I do love you as a dear, dear friend. I have—" The pain returned and for some minutes she was in terrible agony; then, gasping for breath, she continued feverishly.

"I must speak! My breath is so short. Max don't let me die yet," and she pressed her hand upon her side, every breath coming shorter and shorter. Max raised some wine to her lips, but she could not swallow it. For a few minutes the pain ceased. She asked for her child. It was laid in her arms. As she kissed the little one for the last time tears flowed over the wan, wasted face. Looking beseechingly at her husband, she gasped—

"Don't let her *forget* me; promise me! Oh, please, don't let my baby *forget* me!"

She listened with strained attention for his answer. It came at last with a fearful groan, "*Never!*"

The child was taken from her, and she sank into a state of unconsciousness. Max called her, and she opened her eyes and gazed wildly around, seeming not to know him. Then she wailed, "My child! My child!"

She battled terribly for life. Struggle after struggle shook her fragile frame. One mighty effort, then all was over.

Max cried out, "Cerise! Cerise! Merciful God, not yet, not yet!" and throwing himself on his knees beside the couch, chafed the ice cold hands and kissed the mute mouth, trying to rouse her by calling her softly.

At last the horrible truth forced itself upon him. She was dead. Frantically clasping the cold form to his breast, he wept as only a strong man can weep. Every tear wrung from him in his awful grief *seeming as though a drop of his heart's blood.*

The air that floated through the open lattice was heavy with the odor of myrtle and orange-blossoms; the busy hum of life swept up by the soft wind from the little village mingled with the drowsy droning of the bees and the twitter of the birds; the golden sunbeams, falling aslant from the glowing sky, touched the bowed figure of the man and the dead woman's pallid face as carelessly as they touched the bright, laughing children who played on the river's bank, and whose very laughter sounded a bitter mockery to Max's ear. As he had loved without sympathy, so did he grieve. Ah, well, it was only one more death added to the list of the week's mortality. And

"Some must laugh, while some must weep;
So runs the world away."

☞ A proprietor of barrel organs, who sells or lets them on hire to the "grinders," states that organs containing lively airs do not pay as well as formerly. This he attributes to the fact that sickly sentiment is greatly on the increase, in consequence of which he has sent a large order to Europe for a consignment of "barrels packed with tunes of the valentine stripe."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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DR. J. J. I. VON DOLLINGER'S FABLES *Respecting the Popes in the Middle Ages.* Translated by ALFRED PLUMMER, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford; together with Dr. Dollinger's Essay on the Prophetic Spirit and the Prophecies of the Christian Era. Translated for the American edition, with an Introduction and Notes, by HENRY B. SMITH, D. D., Professor in Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. Published by Dodd & Mead, 762 Broadway, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE.—Incidents in my business life. By EDWARD GARRET, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE LITTLE SANCTUARY AND OTHER MEDITATIONS. By ALEXANDER RALEIGH, D. D. Author of "Quiet Resting Places," etc. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York, and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Was William Penn's pocket handkerchief the original pen-wiper?

☞ An Indiana farmer has purchased the "Cardiff giant" for a gate-post.

☞ A meteorological hybrid—the Autumnal Equine Ox.

☞ A society man is said to have laughed so much in his sleeve that it is quite worn out.

☞ Dallas, Iowa, has a jail made of boiler iron.

☞ The lazy man of the St. Louis Globe snores occasionally. He took a nap in the press-room day before yesterday, and the neighbors rushed in to know why the press was working on Sunday.

☞ Now that the cool nights are coming on, people are thinking about fixing up their front gates. They say there is no use trying to keep them in repair as long as the evenings are favorable to outside courting. One of the wants of this age is a gate-hinge that will bear the weight of a young couple without straining—the gate-hinge—not the young couple.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ The Chicago man who stepped behind a pair of mules that he intended to purchase, asked with much feeling, when he was picked out of the gutter, "if the derrick killed anybody else."

☞ A young man, who ought to be ashamed of himself, in commenting on the firemen's parade last week, said that a wet day was always favorable for an exhibition of hose.

☞ Regimental cooks in the Russian army are fined a month's pay every time they spoil a dinner.

☞ "Cotton-Eyed Joe" is a Kansas City local editor.

☞ Ingenious boys hollow out Stratford mosquitoes, and putting lighted candles in them, set them on fence-posts to confuse the wayfarer.

☞ A Florida paper boasts twenty-nine sponge vessels. They must draw water fearfully.

☞ The Almanac says that Jupiter is in Cancer now. He is advised to use cundurango.

☞ Texas is about to add canned turtle to its list of exports.

☞ The Yarmouth Register states in proof of the virtue of printer's ink, that Barney Gould, who a few weeks since paid that office twenty-five cents for posters of his new express business, is about to be married!

☞ Miss Sallie Connaught, aged thirty-five, recently hung herself in Tennessee, because her father would not consent to her marriage. It would be interesting to know at what time girls attain their majority in that State.

☞ Chicago has discovered an addition to its list of attractions, in a cemetery which possesses the property of petrifying bodies interred therein. A baby lately exhumed there was so perfectly "marblified" (Chicago vernacular) that its relatives wanted to take it home as a mantel ornament; and it is now suggested that a company be formed to bury people in artistic attitudes, and thus establish a statue factory to supply art galleries throughout the world.

☞ The first cloud across the honeymoon.—Augustus (to his bride).—"And now, Georgie, do explain your odd cold treatment of me this morning." Georgina (with offended dignity).—"Augustus, I am shocked at you! When you were walking with Mr. Fitzaffrel on the parade this morning, I heard you say, as you passed under the window, that you liked to see the beautiful little Balla in stays!" Augustus (with a roar of irreverent laughter).—"My love, I only meant Capt. Clifton's yacht in the act of tacking!" Oh, blissful reconciliation!

☞ An usher in a public school at Caen, France, has just applied to be committed to a lunatic asylum, because he could not conquer a diabolical impulse which nightly bade him arise and strangle some of the infants committed to his charge. Nor is this to be wondered at, unless they grow a different sort of school-boy in France to what they do here.

☞ During the late heated term an object was to be daily met upon the fashionable promenade at Lyons, in France, which attracted considerable attention. This was a noble dog accompanying his master, and, like him, provided with his own umbrella to keep off the rays of the burning sun. The end of the umbrella-stick was attached to a little sort of plate which the dog carried in his mouth, and by means of which he so skilfully adapted the umbrella to the necessary angle for shading himself, that passers-by had to stop and watch the performance of the intelligent animal.

☞ Our office boy is in love, and we lately found on the floor a *billet doux* (done up) in the following style: "To Miss Sudy—Behold a stranger at the dore of thy heart he gently nox has nox before, has wated long, is wating still. Miss Sudy you treat no other friend so ill. I luv you now and will forever you may change but I will never.

forever one be our lot,
derlat one forget me not.

Miss Sudy I must confess that I luv you the best of all the girls I ever knew there is none to be compared with you."

☞ A man advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to enclose her *carte de visite.* A spirited young lady wrote to the advertiser in the following terms: "Sir, I do not enclose my *carte*, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

☞ A country merchant went to Chicago a few days ago to purchase a bill of goods. The last that was heard of him he was in his room, surrounded by seventeen drummers, who had crawled through the transom, while an energetic reporter was below stairs pumping the clerk for the age of the unfortunate man and the probable circumstances of his family.—*St. Louis Globe.*

☞ Horses are excellent musical performers sometimes. One of them has been known to go through the bars of a field correctly and without missing an oat.

The Great Hair Producer.

Hair Oils, Pomatums and Pomades have had their day. They belong to the musty past. Nobody that understands the chemistry of the hair and the philosophy of its growth thinks of using them. Instead of clogging the pores of the scalp with thick onguents, and thus obstructing the insensible perspiration which is essential to the health of the fibres, we now tone the surface of the head with an invigorating application which penetrates to the roots of the hair and stimulates them in the same way that the fertilizing agents spread over the meadows stimulate the grass-roots and cause the blades to spring up in myriads, coating the earth with verdure. The invigorant best adapted to this purpose is LYON'S KATHAIRON. It may well be called *the fertilizer of the head.* To the barren scalp it communicates vegetative power. If the hair is dropping out or becoming dry and withered, it arrests the process of dilapidation or blight. The hair thickens and becomes glossy and flexible under its genial operation, and as a dressing it is unapproached by any preparation that has yet been laid on the toilet of Fashion.

☞ A machine, reproducing speech with the rapidity of thought, has been invented by a Genoese savant.

☞ We are informed that a lecturer is about to mount the rostrum with a discourse upon "The Men who Spell Cabbage with a K." But no man can spell cabbage with a k—he must use a few more letters—thus: "Kabidg."

The only scientific, rational, and successful mode of treating Catarrh in the head, that has been devised, consists in applying Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche (the only method of reaching the upper chambers of the nose) and taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as *Constitutional* treatment. To this thorough course of treatment the disease yields as surely as fire is extinguished by water. The Douche and two medicines for $2, by all druggists. 591

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1873:

WITHIN THE MAZE;
OR,
LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.
By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being its Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($3.00), for $4.50.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single Numbers 10 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

R. R. R.

ASIATIC CHOLERA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES,
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Looseness, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S
PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

"LITTLE SAMUEL,"

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, will be sent as a Premium to every single ($3.00) subscriber, who sends on ten cents to pay the expense of mailing, &c. It will also be sent to the getter-up of every Club. Clubs at special rates, every member of which will get the Chromo, may also be formed. See below.

RATES:

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or of either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo is desired in addition, $5.00.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $8.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or of either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or of either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

CLUBS WITH THE CHROMO.

For $10.00 we will send four copies of THE POST one year, and four copies of the Premium Chromo. The person sending the Club to be entitled to the Chromo gratis.

For $20.00 we will send eight copies of THE POST one year, and eight copies of the Premium Chromo. The person sending the club shall be entitled to a copy of the Post free, and also to a Chromo, or to either of our beautiful steel plate engravings.

These clubs can be made up, if desired, of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADY'S FRIEND conjointly. The subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND can be taken at $2.00 apiece instead of $2.50. The Chromos will be sent the same.

The senders of the above clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, the dollar may be deducted from the amount due us, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

Address H. PETERSON & Co.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."
OUR PREMIUM CHROMO.

We thought last year that we would cut loose from the Premium business. But the love of the public for beautiful pictures is too strong for us. And a charming Chromo offering itself to our acceptance, we embraced the favorable proposition.

It is a picture of Samuel—Samuel, the inspired Prophet, in his youth—when he heard the voice of the Lord calling him at the dead of night. We subjoin the account from the Scriptures:—

And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. * * * * * * * *

And it came to pass at that time, when Eli was lain down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim that he could not see;

And ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was lain down to sleep;

That the Lord called, "Samuel;" and he answered "Here am I."

And he ran unto Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou calledst me." And he said, "I called not; lie down again." And he went and lay down.

And the Lord called yet again, "Samuel." And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child.

Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, "Go, lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth." So Samuel went and lay down in his place.

And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, "Samuel, Samuel." Then Samuel answered, "Speak; for thy servant heareth." * * *

And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground.

And all Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, knew that Samuel was established to be a Prophet of the Lord.

The time chosen by the Artist seems to be the moment when the Child-Prophet first hears the mysterious voice calling him, and starts up from sleep and gazes before him, with a half-startled, half-seraphic look on his blooming face. His wealth of sunny hair is floating around his head, his delicately moulded hands are slightly clasped together, and his glorious eyes are filled with mingled wonder and awe. The original oil painting was probably based upon the popular engraving of "Little Samuel," but the richness and exquisite beauty of the coloring of the Chromo, give it a charm which no mere engraving can possess.

The regular price of this Chromo—which is about twelve by fifteen inches in size—is to be five dollars. But by ordering a very large number—for we think that very few of our subscribers will be willing to do without this charming picture—we have been able to make arrangements to supply our whole family of readers at a very slight advance on our regular terms. Every single ($3.00) subscriber who remits ten cents additional to pay for the cost of mailing, will be entitled to this Chromo—an offer which we make with the hope that it will add greatly to our present list. Every person who sends on a Club will also be entitled to it. While to those Club subscribers who wish it, the advance, it will be seen, is very moderate.

With such a beautiful picture in addition to such a paper as THE POST—on which, as our readers can see, we are sparing no necessary expense—we think we ought to take the lead in the number of our subscribers at every post-office in the country. And, with a little exertion on the part of old friends and readers, we hope to do so. For the Chromo of "Little Samuel," of itself, is worth as much as we ask for the paper and it together—and, if we are not mistaken, our principal difficulty, especially at first, will be in supplying the demand for it.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

AN HISTORICAL TREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the course of divers rummaging through old corners and pleasant out-of-the-way places, I have lately come upon a very curious and very ancient tree, which I didn't know was in existence before, but which I think every born American will be glad to know something about. This tree is in the grounds of Mr. Jacob Hoffner, the owner of the Century Plant, and of so many other rare and beautiful things that one never is done admiring them. The tree in question is a sago-palm, *Cycas Revoluta* I believe is the "larned" name for it, though I'm not quite sure,—(I never would study botany, for fear much learning should make me mad.) The pith of this tree is what the sago of commerce is made from, of which we make puddings and things, when we are well, and a kind of milk-and-water mess when we're sick. The tree is about eight feet high, and between two and three feet around, I should guess, and has no foliage except one long, bushy tuft which sprouts out at the top. The outside of the body of the tree is very rough and horny, and of a dull brown color. It is an ugly mug of a thing, take it all around, and looks like a railroad Irishman with a big bunch of Indian feathers stuck in his hair. You can imagine that wouldn't be quite as beautiful as a lily to look at.

There you have the tree, nothing particularly interesting about it, except as a curiosity, and except for the sago-puddings. But do you imagine where this tree came from, and who once owned it, years and years ago, in the times of our great, great, *great* grandmothers, when there wasn't a railroad, a telegraph, a sewing-machine or a patent non-explosive lamp in existence, and when the Saturday Evening Post wasn't even a baby? It was a healthy sprout and growing finely and doing well about the time George Washington couldn't tell a lie. It was in existence even in the days when children obeyed their parents. That was a long time ago. There wasn't any Congress when this old tree was a frisky young fellow, or any Chicago,—and nobody was anybody much, and there wasn't anywhere worth speaking of. In short, this sago-palm is known to be at least one hundred and twenty-five years old. It may be, probably is, older. How much older, nobody now alive can tell. "That," says Dundreary, "ith one of thothe thingth no fellah can find out."

I wish it could talk, this bale old sago-palm. I would make it tell me for certain whether or not George Washington, the Father of his Country, used to swear like a trooper, when he became excited. Above all things, I should have it tell me whether or not Congressmen and Government officers in its day always got rich, as they have a way of doing in our times. And I should love dearly to know whether, of a truth, those tiresome great-grandmothers whom people are continually flinging at our heads, were really so much happier, healthier, more industrious, and better contented than the women of this generation. I don't believe it, myself.

But after all, it is not the age of this sago-palm which makes it of so much interest. It is something else. Because this old tree came from Philadelphia, from the garden of Robert Morris, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and who, much of the time, was the very life, and soul, and body, and bones of the American Revolution. His hand tended and watered, mayhap planted, this ancient tree. So, to all Americans who love their country, it is invested with a strange, pale halo of historic interest. A host of rare historic recollections come thronging like dim ghosts across one's mental vision, at sight of it. When American liberty was in its cradle, and so sickly that nobody would have given a Continental dollar for its chance in this world, brave, brilliant Robert Morris brought the child to life again, and set it upon its feet, where it has stood ever since. Ah! there was a financier for you! To him, more than to any other one man, we owe it that we are not a colony of old Mother England to-day, ridden to death and crushed flat as a boarding-house mattress with an enormous load of good-for-nothing princes, and princesses, "knights, dukes, lords, earls, and trash. Robert Morris saved America, at the darkest period of her history. He borrowed money for Government to pay the starving soldiers, on his single personal credit, when Government couldn't borrow on its own. He furnished supplies to the whole army himself, part of the time; and during most of the war, this clear-seeing, able, patriotic Robert Morris had control of nearly the entire financial affairs of our government. The fight could not have gone on without the sinews of war, and these Robert Morris furnished. After the war was ended, he was still the financial superintendent of government, and such was the confidence of the people in him during all those dark days, that the simple promise of Robert Morris had more power than the pledged word of the whole nation of the United States. I wonder where we would find a politician of that stamp now-days.

When the Revolution was ended he was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution, and was twice elected Representative, and once U. S. Senator. In his capacity of merchant, he sent to Canton, China, the first American ship that ever entered that port. His brilliant genius seemed to inspire and move forward everything he touched.

And after all this,—what? You would hardly guess in a hundred years. In his old age, this man who had engineered his country safely through a revolution, who had spent the best strength of his life in working for America and developing her resources,—this old man was imprisoned for debt, and died in poverty. I wonder again,—supposing the ancient laws for debtors were still in force, how many modern politicians, after holding office twenty or thirty years, would be poor enough to be imprisoned for debt?

And so I look at this old sago-palm, and dimly recall the history of the brave Robert Morris. The tree will perhaps see Philadelphia once more at the Centennary Celebration of American Independence. Says its owner, Mr. Hoffner:

"If I live, it and I will probably take a trip to Philadelphia in '76." ZIG.

NOTE!—The price for which we offer THE POST and our beautiful CHROMO to our yearly subscribers—both single and in Clubs—is just about the same that all the first-class Literary Weeklies charge *for their papers alone.*

In other words, those who subscribe to THE POST at these prices, will get not only (to speak modestly) as good a paper, but this beautiful Premium picture besides!

Those that canvass for new subscribers should not forget this fact.

SPLENDID LIST OF PREMIUMS!

[We offer the following splendid list of Premiums, because we wish to increase our subscription list—and therefore mean to pay well those who will aid us in so doing. We prefer this mode to the usual expensive system of advertising.]

Mark! Every Subscriber in a Premium List is entitled to one of the Beautiful Chromos of

"LITTLE SAMUEL;"

representing the Child-Prophet as he is aroused from slumber by the voice of the Lord, (I. Samuel; Chapter 3.) This Chromo would be sold in the stores for $5. It is twelve by fifteen inches in size. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," and "THE LADY'S FRIEND." The subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND may be taken at $2.50 instead of $3.00.

For 50 subscribers, at $3 each,			a Silver-plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth
For 40	"	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, 18 karat, full jeweled, detached lever, worth
			or a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, worth
			or a 4-octave Melodeon, worth
For 30	"	"	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver Watch, worth
For 30	"	"	a Novelty Printing Press, worth
For 20	"	"	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver watch, worth
For 14	"	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth
For 12	"	"	a Silver-plated Cake Basket, worth
			or a Silver-plated Ice Pitcher, worth
			or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth
For 10	"	"	a Silver-plated Castor, worth
For 9	"	"	a set of Parlor Billiards, worth
			or a Set of Croquet, maple, worth
			or a Set of "Le Cercle," (the new field game,) polished maple, worth
			or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth
For 5	"	"	a Three-quart Ice Cream Freezer, (Packer,) worth
For 4	"	"	a Set of Six Croquet Balls, Tilton's Ebonite, worth
For 4	"	"	a set of Parlor Quoits, worth
For 2	"	"	One copy of "Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago," by H. Peterson; bound in cloth, worth

			GOLD PENS AND HOLDERS.
For 5 subscribers at $3 each,			No. 6 Pen, Solid Silver Extension Case, worth
For 6	"	"	Business, or No. 7 Pen, Telescopic Holder, (can be carried safely in vest pocket,) worth

The above Gold Pens are made by E. S. Johnson & Co., New York, and are of unequaled finish, elasticity and durability. They have been sold by first-class dealers for the past twenty years.

			PEN AND POCKET KNIVES.
For 3 subscribers at $3 each,			One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 4 blades, Shell Handle, worth,
			or Two Pruning Knives, 1 blade, Cocoa Handle, worth, each
For 5	"	"	One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 5 blades, Pearl Handle, Octagon, worth
			PATENT HARD RUBBER HANDLE TABLE KNIVES.
For 3 subscribers, at $3 each,			One Set (½ dozen) Table Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, worth
For 4	"	"	One Set Dessert Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, worth
For 5	"	"	One Pair Beef and Game Carvers, worth
			HEAVY SILVER PLATED KNIVES.
For 14 subscribers, at $3 each,			One Set Table Knives, Heavy Oval Superfine Ivory Handles, worth
For 10	"	"	One Set Dessert Knives, Heavy Oval Superfine Ivory Handles, worth
For 5	"	"	One Pair Carvers, Heavy Oval Superfine Ivory Handle, worth
			SOLID CAST STEEL KNIVES, HEAVILY SILVER PLATED.
For 9 subscribers, at $3 each,			One Set Table Knives, Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, worth
For 5	"	"	One Set Dessert Knives, Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, worth
			HEAVILY SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.
For 3 subscribers, at $3 each,			One Set Tea Spoons, Extra Plate, worth
For 5	"	"	" " " " Triple " "
For 6	"	"	" " Dessert " Extra " "
For 8	"	"	" " " " Triple " "
For 7	"	"	" " Table " Extra " "
For 10	"	"	" " " " Triple " "
For 8	"	"	" " " Forks, Extra " "
For 10	"	"	" " " " Triple " "
For 6	"	"	A pair of Solid Oval Ivory Handle Butter Knives, Silver Plated, worth
For 7	"	"	Half-dozen Solid Ebony Handle Bread Knives, worth
For 7	"	"	One Child's Set, consisting of Pearl Handle Silver Plated Knife and Fork and Spoon in a fine Morocco Case, worth

☞ The above named goods are made at the celebrated manufactory of the Meriden Cutlery Co., Meriden, Conn., and by Reed & Barton, New York City, and are warranted A No. 1 in every particular. Premiums will be forwarded as rapidly as possible in their order. A set of Table Knives, Spoons, &c., is always half-a-dozen pieces.

OR ANYTHING ELSE!

Any person wishing articles not on the above list, will please let us know what they prefer, and we will arrange to furnish them. *On lists of four or over, a commission of twenty per cent., (one-fifth the amount,) may be retained, if the money is preferred to the Premium.*

REMARKS.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this the benefit of the Premiums.

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LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY OLIVE KING.

DEAR POST.—Does anybody know the day or the hour when the "equinoctial" cometh? I have had full fifty separate and distinct rains pointed out to me within the last three weeks as the one storm that is expected to visit us when the sun crosses a certain "imaginary line drawn round the earth at an equal distance from each pole." (I remember that much of my geography, anyhow.)

Now, if we had had but one, I should have accepted it as the only true storm; but when a false prophet, all thunder and lightning and considerable wind, rushes down upon us every now and then, what are we going to do. How are we to tell the pure gold from the "Milton?"

That is almost too long for a really neat conundrum, and I am not sure that I ought not to have addressed it to that embodiment of wisdom who presides over the "Answers to correspondents," and who is so perfectly at home on the kissing questions, and so far abroad on fashion queries; I presume he knows what a "wheel-piece" is when the tailor puts it in the skirt of his coat, but he can't compass tucks and flounces, and it is quite useless for him to attempt it.

But to change the subject, seems to me the strong-minded ladies of the land, those philanthropic sisters who have been struggling so long for reform, are keeping desperately still of late. "Not a sound is heard or a funeral note." What does it argue? Perhaps it is the lull that precedes the storm. Victoria must be in communion with Demosthenes in dead earnest, and oblivious to all things mundane, else, why is she not showing her bright face around the country, and shaking hands with hod-carriers and truckmen, as becomes a Presidential candidate? We hear nothing of Susan B. Anthony, while Emily Pitt Stevens of the Pacific slope has kept "mum" as you please since the little shooting affray that won her quite as much notoriety as ever did her position as editor and proprietor of a newspaper.

And pretty Colonel Tennie, not quite so much of a politician as the rest, but strong in her ideas of woman's appropriate sphere, who was to have paraded her "Fifteenth Amendments" long before this. Where is she? Echo answers, "Give it up." Olive Logen too, who used to make so much noise in the world—alas! we shall see no more of her; she has retired from the field, entered again the holy estate of matrimony, and if ever she lectures again it will be of home joys, and the strained honey to be found within the domestic hive. She has no sympathy with politicians, and free-lovers, and divorced people. She "knows how it is herself," and she is "down" on the whole thing. Sorosis clubs and the like have no charms for her—a pretty home and one Sykes that loves her, is all her ardent soul longs for. And that she has got, and per consequence has ceased longing, if we are to judge from the last emanation of her fertile brain, which she has given to the reading public under the not very understandable title of "Get thee behind me Satan"—a pleasant, chatty little work; and like the old lady's baby medicine, "If it don't do any good, it can't do any hurt."

I believe it is generally conceded that all women ought to be forever grateful to good, jolly, impecunious Dick Steele, as he was the first writer who really seemed to admire them, and to consider them something more than soulless creations; the first who did not laugh at them, but who, instead paid a manly homage to their genius and understanding, as well as to their tenderness and beauty. Now I suppose you will wonder what that has to do with the foregoing, or what connection it has with what is to follow. I will tell you. I was thinking just then of Mr. Stewart's new home for working women, and wondering all to myself if women would not find it advisable to be forever grateful to the Merchant Prince also? I suppose you have heard of this great institution. *I* have heard of it a great while, and have wondered when it would be opened, and on what plan it was to be run, and what class of working women it was expecting to accommodate. But I kept my cogitations all to myself until I read in the daily prints, a short time since, that the edifice had received its last coat of paint, and I knew then that it must be nearly ready for business. "Upon this hint I spake," and to my eager questionings was informed that the institution claims that it will provide nice, light, airy rooms, with good board, at about one-fourth the price charged in ordinary boarding-houses, and that it shall be, to all intents and purposes, a safe and desirable home for those pitiable females who are obliged to labor for their daily bread, that all comforts shall be within their reach, and no man, or anything bearing the semblance of a man, shall be admitted within its hallowed portals.—The idea of a *desirable* home, and no *man* in it!

With those regulations I am afraid the enterprise won't pay expenses. The female boarders in that shanty will be scattering I imagine; and among the few who do patronize it, there will be "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain." Women, be they ever so poor and industrious, are not going to voluntarily shut themselves off from the society of man, and the possibility of meeting their "destiny" in the form of some accidental caller. I don't say that Eveleen returning from a day's sewing would meet honest John and smuggle him in, disguised in a waterproof cloak and an opera hood, though I have known young people in love take quite as desperate chances for one hour's innocent chat; and I don't say that honest John would bribe the watchful janitress, or scale the walls; but they would contrive to meet somehow, or else Eveleen would do without the light, airy room and cheap board, and locate in some family where she could occasionally receive her friends, male or female, in the parlor, without fear or favor. The term working woman, according to Stewart, embraces seamstresses, shop-girls, compositors, advertising agents, photographers, school-mistresses, etc. Mrs. McGinness, who dusts offices and washes up halls, "can't come in." She has a couple of neglected children, and as a consequence can go on paying the retail prices for her beefsteaks.

I often think of that institution, and try to imagine it full, to overflowing, of working women—young girls, old maids, and maidens of all religions and nationalities; peaceable women and quarrelsome women; the dreamy sentimental, and the wide awake practical; laughing women, and crying women; honest and dishonest; charitable, and uncharitable; and the more I muse upon it, the farther off from my idea of a "safe and desirable home" it seems. However we shall see what we shall see, and when I find out just how the thing works I will tell you all about it. But I think it is safe to prophesy that if A. T. Stewart takes personal supervision of this establishment, he will have more female difficulties than he ever bargained for.

IN FASHION!

there is very little that is absolutely new. The great ware-rooms are full of pretty materials, and the suit departments show elegant costumes, but after a careful diagnosis you discover that the polonaise, and the basques and overskirts are the only styles. They are equally fashionable. "If you don't like mackerel, help yourself to mustard."

They do try to arrange the trimming in new shapes and different forms, and they are entitled to a great deal of credit, just for the attempt, no matter whether successful or not, for it would seem that even a stagger at an original idea in this direction would be out of the question. Guipure lace and passementerie, so fashionable last season, is giving way to fringe which, although a little tormenting in its aptitude for picking up bits of lint, straws and ravellings, is nevertheless a graceful, pretty trimming, and should be encouraged. Scolloped flounces, with accompaniments of ruffles—any number you may deem lucky—are quite the correct thing in making up winter suits also, and with fringe divide the rage. Hats are nothing if not high-crowned—the higher the better, and there is a fancy for trimming in neutral tints. Autumn leaves of a dead gray, called "Paris in Ashes," is sometimes the only effort at ornamentation, while again we see them intermingled with folds of velvet or knots of ribbon. There seems to be no great variety in either the shapes or mode of trimming, and to an artist eye hats are not startlingly pretty. Perhaps after election we shall have a new deal, and if so we may confidently expect something better, as it will be impossible to get anything worse.

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

Weariness in heart and head,
An everdulling brain,
I hardly hear words that are said,
So sharp the inward pain.
If my race on earth is o'er,
So be it, Lord, I ask no more.

Weary is the way and cold,
Lonely am I, quite alone,
Quickly is my story told—
Wooed and won and left to moan.
If my early strife is o'er,
So be it, Lord, I ask no more.

Long for others have I lived,
Slighted fame, and gear, and pelf,
My whole life to others given,
Now I have but my sad self.
If my work on earth be o'er,
So be it, Lord, I ask no more.

One long struggle with my grief,
One long battle with my pain;
Death alone can bring relief—
Death, not life, is my true gain.
If my weary strife be o'er,
So be it, Lord, I ask no more.

Lips, that never meet caress,
Welcome Death's kiss, sweet and cold;
Hands, whose movements never cease,
Idly lie in Death's kind hold.
If my work on earth be o'er,
So be it, Lord, I ask no more.

Worn with grief, neglect, and care,
Thankfully I sink to rest;
Can I truly say, when there,
"Yes, dear Lord, I did my best?"
If my task on earth be o'er,
So be it, Lord, I ask no more.

PICTURES FROM LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

Look! there he goes now! the very man I wished to tell you about. You see he is a staid, good-looking, well-to-do, matter-of-fact citizen. You would judge him to be a house-holder and a family man, a keeper of the peace and a keeper at home, as he is verily. But you would not suppose there was ever a bit of romance or sentiment about him. You take it for granted that he is a married man, but you cannot imagine that he ever kissed his wife. You fancy he did his courting by deputy. You think it quite probable that his sweetheart was picked out for him by his grandmother or his great aunt. You would wager your life policy or your Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes that the narrow track of his existence has always extended over as dead a level as a Jersey flat. You are the victim of false impressions. You would lose by such a wager.

I see more than is visible to corporeal eyesight when I look at that plain, honest, work-a-day man, crowned with a common straw hat, clad in unpretending laborer's clothes, and carrying home a wooden pail of chicken-feed.

—

I see:

A gallant yacht preparing to sail. A knot of passengers gathered with their friends at the vessel's side, interchanging words of farewell are the friends must betake themselves to their boats and cut loose from the light craft whose white pinions are already spread for flight. A little apart from the others a fair maiden with her lover. His dark eyes rest fondly on hers. He snatches one parting kiss from her tremulous lips. "When we meet again I shall claim you, my own, my bride. And it will not be long—only one short week."

How runs the old song?

"The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer could she stay on board;
He kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
The less'ning boat unwilling moved to land;
'Adieu,' she cried, 'adieu,' she cried, and waved her lily hand."

But it is the youth whose "less'ning boat unwilling moves to land," while the maiden goes out upon the sea in the gallant yacht. A short pleasure trip, and then the return, the wedding. Ah! "one short week!" will it bring aught but joy to the waiting youth, to the dreaming maiden?

—

I see:

The wide, fierce, storm-lashed ocean. Night, black, fearful night, shuts in upon the struggling yacht. The craft, though light, is staunch and strong; but the sea, the hungry, yawning sea, is stronger. A mountain wave strikes the shivering vessel. She reels, she staggers, she sinks. All on board go down with her. For a moment a maiden's blanched face and white arms beseechingly lifted, gleam tremblingly upon the crest of a billow, revealed by the lurid lightning. One wild, long shriek, then all is lost in the uproar of the storm.

"One short week!" Alas for the terrible ending of the maiden's blissful dream! Alas for the cup of joy so suddenly dashed from the lips of the waiting youth!

—

I see:

A grass-grown graveyard studded over with white slabs of marble. A dark-haired, dark-eyed youth standing with head reverently bent beside the memorial stone of her whom he had hoped to call his bride. With him is another maiden, fair and not unlike her who a year ago promised him her hand. They both loved her whose sad fate they both bemoan, for this maiden is the sister of the dead. And out of their mutual pity and their mutual grief has grown a love that is as strong as death.

"I love her memory none the less because I love you," says the youth.

"And I would not have you cease to love her memory. We do the dead no wrong. If her blessed spirit can behold earthly objects it must smile upon us, while we praise the infinite Mercy that out of our great sorrow has caused new joy to spring to life."

—

I see:

The interior of a temple dedicated to the worship of God. Before the sacred altar that youth and maiden, drawn together by a common sorrow which has grown into a mutual love. With a solemnity of tone and manner which shows they do not vow lightly or recklessly, they utter those words which made them "one flesh." God's servant breathes upon them the Divine blessing. Then they go forth amid the swelling peals of the organ and the smiles and gratulations of the little gathering of personal friends who alone have witnessed the ceremony; they go forth to walk joyfully hand in hand and side by side the path of life.

—

I see:

A quiet home nestled down in a setting of green, facing the setting sun, a happy family group seated on the porch in front beneath trailing vines, watching together the glorious summer sunset. This is the only perfect picture we have beheld. Here is the wife, pleasing in her matronly dignity, blest in her wife-love and mother-love. Here is the husband, happy, grateful, contented, prosperous. Here is the child, fair, prattling, playful. It is a true American home, where honest love and manly independence preside, where truth is revered and God is honored.

Just inside that open window hangs a picture of a maiden in her Spring-time loveliness. Around the handsome frame is caressingly twined an ivy vine, green and beautiful, like the memory of the dead. Looking at the picture, you would say it was the matron herself, taken in her girlhood. But it is her sad-fated sister, whose white bones bleach beneath the billow. Though years have passed since she sank to her unknown ocean grave, yet in this home her name is still remembered, and tears even yet are shed at the recollection of her untimely death.

That youth, that lover, this husband, are one and the same, even the same plodding, prosaic, middle-aged family man whom you just saw go by our window, carrying on his arm a wooden pail.

WARE.

THEIR MISSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

"All things in this world have a mission—nothing which exists is unnecessary." If I might, notwithstanding the above, be permitted to differ from the learned author whose opinion I quote! If I might, without seeming irreverence, presume to inquire the particular or general need of that class of human beings, common to every town and city in existence, but distributed more liberally throughout small villages, and known by the various synonyms of scandal-mongers, tattlers, gossips, &c., &c.? These ghouls of society, who find nothing so satisfying to a depraved appetite as the very life-blood of a young and innocent heart, whose craving ears are ever strained to catch the slightest breath of slander—whose peering eyes are so preternaturally sharpened, that the flesh, blood and bones of the marked-out victim present not the slightest impediment to their vision.

What home so bright and fair, so secure in its lofty pride, that these slaves of the evil one may not enter in stealth and silence its doors? What head so erect or fearless, turned proudly to face the world and the future, that it bows not before the half-audible whisper, the covert sneer, the freezing recognition ten-fold more insulting to the recipient than the "cut direct?" What heart so barred from evil, so calm in its fancied self-security, that it can escape the steel which the murderer drives home? What life so pure, so spotless that its floating robes are safe from the mire of the loathsome serpent's trail?

O fiends! ghouls! for by no truer names can I call you—who wander up and down the length and breadth of our land, seeking human hearts for prey—you have much to answer for.

For each stab that your vile tongues deal to hearts whose purity is as Heaven, contrasted with your own blackened and corrupted ones, the recording angel drops a blot against your name—a blot so blackly indelible that only God's infinite mercy—not your cringing, too late repentance and forced tears, can whiten the disfigured page.

It has just occurred to me that these creatures above mentioned may possibly have a mission to fulfil, inasmuch as most of us need affliction to prepare us for a better country! Perhaps they may answer as a means of grace. As to their uses in any other direction, I deny that they have any, emphatically. And I am sure, if just as convenient, that *I* should much prefer being fitted for Heaven by some other means.

Autumn on the Prairies.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—Were you ever out upon the Western prairies? the boundless, the free, the enchanting? If you were not, then I advise you and *all your readers* to forthwith pack satchel, valise and trunk, set your face toward the setting sun, and never stop until these expansive regions of pure delight are reached; rest not till you reach the storied haunts of buffaloes and Indians. My word for it you will never regret the day that you listened to the persuasive eloquence of the West wind, that you obeyed the beckoning fingers of the tall grass and gorgeous flowers.

Though Winter with its swiftly changing scenes, its ever shifting panorama, Spring with its quickening life, and opening beauties, Summer with its greenness, fragrance and dreamy languor, all possess attractions, yet Autumn it is that brings us to our knees in silent love and praise. Now it is that the air is so pure one seems upborne on wings of etherial bliss. The broad prairies are bright with flowers of more gorgeous coloring than the Summer boasts. The harvest is past, but *seas* of corn, already ripening in the bright sun, greet the eye in waves of varying shades at every point. The peach and apple trees, loaded with their luscious cargoes, bless our vision continually. Aye, come to the prairies, oh, ye denizens of Eastern lands. Would you luxuriate in beauty, health and happiness? Would you draw nearer to Deity? Would you ease an aching heart? then come where the wild wind forever bloweth, whispering of peace and love.

Atchison, Kansas. NANNIE.

A Few Sensible Words to the Discontented.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST.—I have seen a succession of letters from different persons in your columns. One lamenting because she is a reminder. Another, because she is too small, and another because she is too large. I do not know that I have any of these defects. I think it would be very tiresome to be a reminder, and extremely mortifying if we reminded people of some one whose example we would disdain to follow. I have not much sympathy with the small woman's sorrow; indeed, the adage is, "that choice articles are done up in small parcels." Nor with the large woman, whose dignity should raise her above making such petty complaints. There is beauty in variety, and we find infinite variety in all of nature's works. Each one has her own peculiar grace. With a small figure is given the peculiar charm suitable to the person. With a large figure dignity and grace. She should particularly cultivate self-possession, ease and refinement, and she will always find admirers.

Remember, it is not the external setting of the gem that proves its value, but the purity and brilliance that shines within. We do not always remain in the period of girlhood, but turn our different ways to fulfil our duties in the relationship of wife and mother, which embraces by far the longest period of our lives. Our ambition then, should be to fit ourselves for that position, and by the cultivation of our minds, and obedience to the laws of health, make ourselves honored and respected as benefactors to the human race; that our sons and daughters may rise up and call us blessed.

MARY.

☞ James R. Mann married Maria Little in Rhode Island, the other day. "Mann wants but Little here below."

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THOSE OLD SONGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WALTER H. PORTER.

Those old songs she used to sing,
Many a mild, pathetic strain,
The while she touched the harp's soft string,
How they haunt my brain.
Sing them o'er again;
In every beat and start,
Sing them o'er again, my heart.

In the quiet evening hours,
When the mind forgets its care,
O, friends! wake music's lofty powers,
Breathe them on the air;
As to the vesper-prayer,
Let the sacred time be given
When the soul is nearest heaven.

Wake the strain—such melody
Hath power to soothe, etherealize;
Thus clothed, even cruel memory
Appears in mildest guise,
Calls tears into the eyes,
Haggard by that supreme of woe,
Looking back on long ago.

And those old songs she used to sing,
Love's hopes and fears for the refrain,
Apollo's bow and Cupid's wing,
Rapt heart or crazed brain,
Sing them o'er again;
And in each beat and start,
Find echo in my heart.

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PRIVATE MAD-HOUSE.

When Victor recovered from the effects of the opiate that Miles Rugby had administered in the wine he had drank, he found himself the occupant of a close carriage in which two other men were seated.

He could not see their faces for it was night, and the rays of the single lamp burning on the carriage-box penetrated the interior but dimly.

"Where are we going?" he asked, raising himself on one elbow.

"To see our sweethearts," replied the nearest of the two men, with a coarse laugh.

Victor started. Like a flash the remembrance of what had happened broke upon his mind. He had left Dora behind in that vile den in Hook Dock! Was she there still?

Much against his inclinations, he found himself compelled to consult his companions. It did no good, however. They feigned entire ignorance of Dora.

"Don't borrow trouble, young sir," said one of them, with a leer. "If the lass is with Miles, you may be sure she will be taken care of."

Of course such a speech did not tend to reassure him. He dropped his head in his hands, and sighed heavily. In thinking of Dora he quite forgot himself, and to wonder why he was being borne away at dead of night in this manner.

At last the carriage stopped. Victor started to the door, and would have sprung out, but a heavy hand was dropped on his arm, detaining him.

"Not so fast, my good friend," said a voice. "Last is manners."

Not a little surprised, he waited for the two men to descend. Then he followed them, and found himself standing in the starlight, just outside a handsome iron gate.

The city had been left so far behind that not a trace of it was to be discovered here.

He waited in some impatience while his companions rung a small bell. After a brief delay, steps approached the gate from the other side, and a key was inserted in the lock.

"Who's there?" was asked somewhat gruffly.

"Friends from Hook Dock."

At that the gate flew open, and Victor was pushed within the enclosure, where a gray-bearded man with a lantern stood waiting.

A gloomy looking mansion in the midst of spacious and well-kept grounds, loomed up before him.

He had barely observed this much when the gate closed behind him with a clang, and he saw graybeard lock it again.

For the first time, he thought of his own forlorn situation, and a feeling of apprehension seized him. Before he could speak of it, however, he was led up a gravel-walk, though a spacious hall, and so on to a handsomely-furnished drawing-room.

Here, two or three lamps were burning dimly. Victor had scarcely glanced round the apartment when a door at the other end opened noiselessly, and a smooth-faced, well-preserved man of about sixty appeared on the threshold.

"Step this way, if you please," he said, beckoning the whole party to approach after a moment's sharp scrutiny.

Victor led the way, without the slightest hesitation. The gentleman smiled benignantly upon him as he passed, pointed to a seat, and then held out his hand to one of the men who had brought our hero to this place.

A paper was dropped into the extended hand. "From Miles," said the man, then turned on his heel and disappeared, together with his companion and graybeard.

Victor heard the sharp clicking of a spring, and then looked up to find himself alone in the room with the gentlemanly man.

The latter unfolded the paper which had been given him, read the few lines written upon it, then turned quickly to Victor.

"Let me welcome you to Belgrave House, my dear young friend," he said, suavely.

The young man drew back as if he had been struck. "Belgrave House?" he asked, sharply. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Simply that you are now a *guest* in that admirably conducted establishment."

Victor stared hard at him and began to tremble.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

"Benjamin Sykes, at your service," was the quiet response.

"Good God!"

The truth broke on his mind like a flash. Miles Rugby was at the bottom of this. He had made himself obnoxious to that gentleman, and now must suffer the consequences.

He darted to the door, and laid his hand on the knob. It refused to turn. He beat and kicked upon the panels, but might just as well have spent his strength on so much iron. At last he desisted, and rushed to the windows. They were high up, and protected with stout iron bars. A glance told him that escape in this direction was wholly out of the question.

He heard Mr. Sykes chuckling softly to himself. Then he dashed up to him and demanded—

"What does this mean? Am I to be detained here against my will?"

"For the present—yes."

"To what end?"

Mr. Sykes tapped his forehead significantly.

"I am sure you ought to know, sir. You were brought here for your own good."

"It's a lie," Victor burst out, furiously. "You villain, I know the sort of hell I'm in! It's a private mad-house. And you wish to make it appear that I am mad."

"That's about the long and short of it, sir."

"You are in Miles Rugby's pay. He is afraid of me, and for that reason wishes to confine me here."

"I don't deny it."

The villain's face did not lose its placidity, or his smile its gentle suavity. Looking at him, Victor's indignation broke beyond his control.

"You coward," he yelled furiously, "let me out of this cursed hole or I'll bring the whole country buzzing about your ears."

Mr. Sykes changed color at that threat. "You can't do it while I have you in my clutches—that's certain," he said vindictively. "And I don't intend to let you go in a hurry."

He touched a bell at his side, and three men came hastening into the room.

"Seize that madman," he cried, pointing at Victor. "But take care. He's dangerous."

Victor drew back a little. Then he put out both hands toward the men with a look that might have melted a heart of stone.

"Don't touch me," he said, in a low, intense tone. "I'm as sane as you are. And I'll prove it to you, if you will give me the chance."

"Seize him!" shouted Sykes.

The men slowly advanced. "Are you going to listen to that devil yonder?" cried Victor, in despair. "I tell you he is paid for detaining me here. And I am not the only sane man who has been outraged in this manner."

"Seize him!" shouted Sykes again, now pale with anger.

The men no longer hesitated. Victor saw that all was up with him, and he determined to sell his liberty dearly.

He made a sudden dash among the miscreants and gave the foremost of them a back-handed blow upon the eye that dazzled him. The second he skilfully managed to trip up in passing; and he closed with the third in a desperate struggle.

It lasted only a moment, however. Then he felt his arms gripped from behind, and held fast while a pair of handcuffs were slipped over them.

It was Sykes who had seized him in this manner. "You cursed young rebel," hissed the villain's smooth voice, "we've got you safe and fast enough now."

Victor ceased to struggle. But he stood glaring at his captors in angry fury.

"If there is such a thing as justice in this world, I'll be even with you yet before I die."

"Bah!" sneered Sykes. "We do not fear you."

"No; but you will some day. The angels of Heaven may interfere to confound such wickedness."

The villain laughed contemptuously.

"We don't deal with that sort of person here. You'd better keep quiet."

Then he turned to the men.

"Take him away. Put him in the padded room. He shall have a straight-jacket if he doesn't mind what he is about."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A VILLAINOUS PROPOSITION.

The men obeyed in silence. They shoved Victor toward the door by which they had themselves gained admittance to the room (it was a door ingeniously concealed in the wood-work), dragged him along two or three passages, and finally pushed him into a small padded room, where he sank exhausted upon the hard stone floor, and then carefully locked him in.

"This is Miles Rugby's doing," muttered the unfortunate young man. "I know too much for his safety. He will kill me, starve me, or else keep me here for weary years, as he has kept that other unfortunate whom I hoped to be instrumental in saving."

Then he panted and sighed and gnashed his teeth when he thought of the misery his incarceration was likely to bring upon others.

"Oh, my poor mother!" he moaned. "Oh, Dora, my lost love! What will become of you both, now that I am not by to protect you from the machinations of a fiend?"

He writhed and twisted himself into all manner of shapes in the agony that possessed him. His brain seemed to be on fire; and the cold perspiration of horror and anguish broke out all over his body.

Hours passed in this way. The morning was pretty well advanced when an attendant stole in with some bread and meat.

Of course Victor made a piteous appeal to him. The man listened quietly enough; but when Victor paused to take breath at last, he shook his head and pointed to his ears.

He was deaf, or at least pretended to be.

The day went by, one long torture to the poor fellow, in his ignorance of Dora's fate and of the next move his powerful adversary intended to make. Of himself he scarcely thought.

The next morning he received a visitor, none other than Miles Rugby himself. The villain came into the cell with a grin of triumph upon his face.

"Well, my lad," he said, in greeting, "do you realize now the folly of measuring weapons with a cleverer man than yourself?"

"I know that wrong and villainy may triumph for a time," was the bitter answer. "But just so sure as God liveth, there will come a day of retribution."

Miles winced.

"It's been a very long while in coming, in my case."

"Then it is so much the nearer now."

"Bah," snarled the reprobate, "I did not come here to have you preach to me."

"What then? to revel in my helplessness and utter misery?"

"No. I came rather to try to bring you to terms."

Victor started. He had no idea of consenting to any proposition Miles might make. But he saw it would be best to listen to him.

He held up his hands, which were still encircled with the irons. "I can't talk with you while I have these bracelets on," he said.

"Humph. Sykes was a little too hard on you. And I gave him no instructions of that sort."

Victor saw his advantage and pursued it.

"Look at this room," he said bitterly. "If I were an inmate of the Bastile, I couldn't be more inhumanly lodged. Why should I be denied the few poor comforts that might be mine in this wretched place?"

Miles hesitated a moment, then stepped to the door and called to an attendant who was passing.

"You fools," he snarled, "what is the meaning of this? You are treating Mr. Raynham like a wild beast."

"Orders, sir," returned the man, cringing. "We are compelled to obey the proprietor, you know."

Miles muttered an oath. "Try the effect of obeying *me* for a few minutes, sirrah. Knock these handcuffs off and find a better cell for the prisoner."

Miles must have possessed considerable influence, for the attendant obeyed his orders without ever going to consult with Mr. Sykes.

The cell to which Victor was removed happened to be located on the other side of the passage. It was one of the pleasantest in the whole building. Indeed it wore quite an air of comfort, for the grated window was curtained, and some coarse matting covered the floor.

"These quarters will loosen your tongue, I'm thinking," said Miles, surveying them with a grim smile on his lips.

"Yes, I can talk to you here. And first of all, I want to know what you have done with Dora."

"I left her at Hook Dock, locked into the room where I keep Mad Miriam when her raving fits come on."

"Then you have not harmed a hair of her head?"

"As yet—no!"

"You ought to be thankful."

Miles looked up, struck by the tone in which these words were uttered. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I think I should kill you if you had harmed her."

"Bah." The reprobate shrugged his shoulders, and changed color. "How you do love that girl."

"Ay, better than my own life."

"I am sorry for that."

"Why?" Victor glanced sharply into this strange man's face as he spoke. He wondered at his own forbearance in speaking to him at all. He knew that his sins were as scarlet; that he had wronged—terribly wronged—him and his; that he was treacherous and vile to his finger ends. And yet he found himself sitting there conversing with him almost as calmly as he would have conversed with any other man.

"Why am I sorry?" repeated Miles. "You shall learn in one minute. To begin, let me ask you a question. Are you anxious to regain your liberty?"

"You know beforehand what reply I am likely to make."

"Good. Of course you wish to be set free. Freedom is man's natural state. Good again. But you know too much to be set at liberty without conditions of any sort. Shall I tell you the price you are to pay for your freedom?"

"If you please."

"In the first place, you must acknowledge Honoria Vance to be your wife. You need not live with her unless you choose. But you are to give her a wife's dowry and the right to use your name."

Victor started out of his chair, his lips working convulsively. "Never!" he cried. "Link myself to that infamous woman? I tell you again, never, never!"

"I am sure you have not considered the matter sufficiently. Take time, my lad. You know, or ought to know, all that depends on your decision."

At that, Victor looked straight into his companion's eyes, and asked:

"What is that woman to you that you should espouse her cause?"

"Nothing," blinking and biting his lip. "I am interested in her future, that is all. Now you have heard one condition; let me proceed."

"I am listening."

"Here is the other. Before leaving this house, you must take a most solemn oath never to betray what you have learned concerning me. You are to suffer me to go on in my private schemes, making no opposition, and neither by word, look, or deed, trying to set anybody against me. Do you understand?"

Victor did understand. His face flushed all over with anger and shame. He started up, grinding his teeth and shaking his clenched hand at Miles.

"You villain," he cried, "what do you take me for? You would bribe me to betray my own mother, and bring her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Oh, I understand your scheme full well, you devil! Go, go! Leave me before I am tempted to strike you dead at my feet."

He was splendid in his rage, standing there with every feature of his face quivering. Miles turned pale as death, as he too started up and confronted him.

"Pray be calm," he entreated.

"Calm, you miscreant! How can I be calm after listening to such a proposition? You stole away my senses with vile drugs, and then had me brought to this hell that you might make it with impunity. But I scorn you, and the terms you offer. Your little game is quite clear to me after having read that bit of writing I found in your desk. You mean to get the handling of the Raynham property—"

Miles stopped him with a gesture.

"That may be a part of my purpose," he said. "But a nobler element is intermingled with what is base. Boy, I love your mother. You start, but I repeat it—I love your mother. I have loved her more years than I can tell. Now you know the leading motive that moves me in what I do."

"You love my mother!" Victor repeated the words slowly. And then a shiver ran all over him. His face grew purple, and the veins in his forehead stood out like knotted cords.

"Oh, the shame and agony of being compelled to listen to you!" he moaned, and dropped into his chair again and hid his face.

Miles watched him a moment in silence. "Let me put the case plainly before you," he said. "If you remain here, shut up in this place, I can go on with my plans in spite of you. You cannot even have the satisfaction of saving Dora from my clutches. The one hope for you is to take the oath I demand of you, acknowledge Honoria to be your wife, and so claim your freedom. Now what have you to say to that?"

"What have I to say? That I would forfeit my eternal soul sooner than consent to your terms! Now, villain, impostor, go!"

Miles bit his lip with rage and disappointment. "I will go," he said, swinging slowly on his heel. "When I come again, you are likely to give me a different answer. I can afford to wait. A taste of Mr. Sykes's discipline will not hurt you. Adieu, my boy. I leave you to your own reflections."

With that, he bowed himself out of the room.

On being left alone, when his strength had come back to him somewhat, Victor paced the floor ranging like an angry lion. His utter helplessness, and the peril that menaced those he loved, drove him to the verge of madness.

The proposition Miles had made to him was vile and infamous to the last degree—how vile and how infamous the reader will be given to understand more clearly ere the end of this story.

Victor could only wonder at the temerity of the man in daring to make it at all.

But he had not sounded the depths of villainy in the reprobate's heart, even yet. It did not surprise him very much to receive, on the following day, this note:

"I have something to tell you that concerns your sweetheart, my boy. Of course I refer to Dora Desmond, since you refuse to acknowledge Honoria. She, Dora, betrothed herself to your twin brother, Vincent, before coming to Hook Dock.

"MILES."

This was all. Victor tore the note into fragments, and flung them on the floor.

"It is a lie!" he muttered. "Or if there is any truth in the story, the dear girl was driven to such a step by the taunts of those who hate me."

He sat down and tried to think calmly upon his present situation. A long interval passed. By and by he began to hear strange sounds overhead. At last a bit of plaster fell at his feet. Looking up, he saw part of a man's hand through a hole in the ceiling.

At the sight he began to tremble. Strange thoughts flashed upon his mind.

"Who's there?" he called, in a suppressed voice.

"Hush!" the answer came from above. "We are lost if we are heard."

"Tell me who you are, and what you want?"

This time the answer came in tones of heartrending pathos.

"I am a sane man, confined by fraud among the mad; and I want my liberty, or, failing that, to die!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SO STRANGELY MET.

Victor needed no more than those words to tell him with whom he was conversing.

How strangely the events of life come about! Here he was, a prisoner himself in Belgrave House; and this man must be the poor unfortunate whose messages he had read, and whom he had hoped, sometime, to set at liberty.

He little thought, when those messages written in blood first met his eye, that he should one day be a "sane man among the insane" himself.

"I think I know who you are," he said. "And I will help you if I can; but I fear I cannot."

"You, too, are a prisoner?"

"Yes."

"God help us both! I knew by the sound of your voice that you are no more mad than I am."

"No. I am confined here because I know too much for a certain villain's safety."

"I thought so."

There was a short silence. The strange man overhead seemed in no hurry to enlarge the hole he had made in the ceiling. But Victor saw that his lips were pressed close to the opening.

At last those lips moved again. "What are we to do?" they asked.

"I don't know. Are there no means of escape from your cell?"

"None; or I should have made use of them long ago. It is even stronger than most of them, save that the floor is of wood."

"And the floor of mine," said Victor, grinding his heel through the matting, "is of stone."

"I've worked at this floor for days and days, at odd times, until I have removed enough of it to admit my body. It will be an easy matter to knock off the lath and plaster, and so let myself down to your cell. Shall I do it?"

Victor thought a minute, with both hands pressed upon his brow.

"You'd better not," he answered. "Wait."

A heavy sigh reached his ears. It told him how intensely this stranger must be suffering.

"How can you conceal the opening in the floor?" he asked, quickly.

"My bed covers it. And the attendants rarely enter my room. They consider me a dangerous person, and shun me as much as possible. I am not let out like the rest, and what food and drink I need is pushed to me through a grating in the wall."

Victor shuddered and groaned when he thought of all this strange man must have endured. "It is terrible," he muttered. "God's curses light on the devil who has confined us here."

The man heard what he said. "I have an iron rod that I tore from the window a few days since," he called through the aperture in the ceiling.

"Good. We may be able to use it on the skulls of our enemies even yet."

Then he thought with all his might. After a brief interval he said:

"I have a plan. Replace everything as usual, and wait until after midnight. Then let yourself down to me, and bring the iron rod with you."

"I will do so."

The lips disappeared from the aperture, and Victor heard the flooring being softly replaced. Then all was still again.

He hid the bit of plaster that had fallen under the matting; then he waited in a state of feverish impatience for the day to come to an end.

Fortunately for the plan he had formed, he was not treated at all as were the bona fide lunatics confined in Belgrave House. Instead of taking his meals with the patients they were brought to his cell; and he saw only the two attendants who had waited on him in turn thus far.

Mr. Sykes was too clever a rascal by far to allow him liberties that would give him access to all the keepers. They could not help knowing the villainy that was on foot in such a case, and the more conscientious of them might refuse to become a party to it.

No suspicions of anything wrong were aroused during the day. And at last night fell; the gloomy hours wore on; Victor lay on his bed waiting and listening; his heart was in his mouth.

At last, long enough after midnight, a movement made itself audible overhead. The lath and plaster began to crack and drop, fragment after fragment, into his cell. The work went on slowly and almost noiselessly. It was nearly dawn when it ceased, and a dark object swung itself through the opening that had been made, and lighted by his side.

"God bless you!"

"God give you strength."

After these whispered sentences, the two men shook hands in the darkness. They could not see each other's faces; but, for all that, they seemed very near to each other.

"Did you find the rod?" asked Victor.

"Yes. Here it is."

"Now I will tell you my plan. By seven or eight o'clock an attendant will come in with my breakfast. We must watch for him; you will station yourself behind the door with the rod. He will see only me. You are to strike him down, and I will spring upon him and see that he makes no outcry. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes."

"Afterward we must trust in God to help us out of this hell."

There was one difficulty in the way of this plan. The keepers might visit the cell overhead first, and so find out what had been done.

But this risk was not to be taken into consideration with so much at stake.

The two devoted men sat down on the bedside, clinging fast hold of each other's hands. And thus the light of dawn found them, silent, prayerful, expectant.

Victor spoke only once. Then he said:

"I have read two of your messages. And I pitied you before I knew you."

The strange man seemed surprised. "I have tried over and over again to send some word to the world outside," he said, sadly. "But my letters were always intercepted. I did not know that one of them had ever reached a friendly soul."

By the morning light Victor was enabled to see his companion's face. It was a noble face, and from it a noble soul looked out. There was something familiar even in the handsome features. But the hair was white as snow.

"It was as dark as yours when I came here," said the poor creature, reading the puzzled look the young man gave him.

Victor felt singularly drawn to him; and he pressed his hand in speechless pity.

Presently they prepared themselves for the struggle that was to come. The bed was drawn over the litter on the floor. A key turned in the lock shortly. The poor captive clutched the iron rod, and sprung behind the door. Not a moment too soon, however. The door swung on its hinges, and the attendant crossed the threshold, bringing some cold beef and bread.

He took two or three steps toward the centre of the cell—no more.

Whiz—crack! Down came the iron rod on his skull, swung with the strength given by despair and vengeance. The attendant fell upon the floor and rolled over there, uttering scarce a groan. The blow had stunned him.

Victor sprung to the door and pushed it nearly shut.

"Quick!" he whispered. "Change coats with that man, and take the keys from his pockets."

This occupied but a moment. "It is done," said the trembling captive. "Now let us be off."

They stepped into the passage. It was deserted, but voices could be heard coming from every direction. The most of the people about the establishment were fortunately at breakfast.

Victor led the way. He easily distinguished from the others the door through which he had been dragged that night when he was brought to Belgrave House a drugged and helpless victim.

To fit one of the confiscated keys was the work of a moment. The door swung on its hinges, and he found himself in the dismal apartment where he had first met Mr. Sykes.

The room was unoccupied. He glanced eagerly toward the secret door communicating with the front parlor. Joy, joy! It stood ajar; otherwise he could not have passed it, not knowing the secret of the spring with which it closed.

"Courage," he whispered to his companion, though his own heart was beating fearfully loud.

The two poor fellows stepped boldly into the front parlor. A man was sitting by one of the more remote windows, reading the morning paper. Victor felt his hair rising on his head for fear, but they were in for it now, and there was nothing to be done save to keep straight ahead and trust in God.

They had nearly reached the opposite door when the man looked up. It was Sykes. He stared hard at them for a breath-long space, then sprang forward with a fearful curse and a shrill cry for help.

It was a critical moment. Victor met him with a well-directed blow in the stomach that sent him rolling over on the floor.

"Lie there, you treacherous devil," he hissed between his close-shut mouth.

Then he gripped his companion's arm.

"Come," he said. "The sooner we are out of this the better."

The window stood open, and they dashed through it and out upon the lawn. Of course they made their way directly to the gates; but these were closed and locked.

Then they cast their eyes about them. The grounds were surrounded by a high brick wall. They had no means of scaling this wall, and the prospect of escape seemed very dark again.

A groan burst from the old man's lips.

"Oh, God!" he cried, smiting his breast with his clenched hand, "take my life here and now, but do not mock me with the hope of liberty and then leave me to despair."

The cry was heart-rending. "Courage!" whispered Victor once again. "We will follow the wall. We *may* find some way out of this hell even yet."

They rushed on, maddened, desperate. But not a tree, or even a vine clinging to the cold bricks, met their longing gaze.

And now the whole place was in an uproar. Faces appeared at the windows, and the keepers came flocking from the house. The morning air was resonant with shouts and curses.

Their escape had been discovered by others besides Mr. Sykes.

"We will sell our liberty dearly," said Victor, snatching the iron rod which his companion had brought away with him.

Two or three of the pursuers doubled on the fugitives and gained rapidly in this manner. No fair race could be run in those cooped-up quarters. One of the keepers had almost reached them, when Victor turned like a flash, dealt him a stunning blow, and then dashed on again.

There was a momentary lull. Then whistles sounded in every part of the grounds, and the pursuit became hotter than ever.

Still no means of escape presented themselves. Victor knew they could not hold out much longer, and had just breathed a groan of despair, when of a sudden a man's head and shoulders rose up from a snarl of rose-bushes growing close against the wall.

"Master Victor!" called a suppressed voice.

The young man uttered a loud cry, slackened his headlong speed, and stared hard at the unexpected apparition.

"Good God! It is Vijal."

Then he stood like one spell-bound.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The bustling little widow, Mrs. Ben—like all those who seem to have least occasion for it—was in the habit of getting up very early in the morning, to the serious annoyance of young Mr. Freibourg, who preferred letting the sun rise without impertinently staring at him whilst doing so. Jessie, too, would just as soon not be awakened from so rosy a dream at daylight by the shrill voice of the old lady; but Aunt Ben's word was law, and there was no such word as disobey. The little widow was quite aware of their disinclination for early rising; therefore great was her amazement upon going into the outer room to find Jessie absent, the bed made, and the door unlocked, giving evidence of her being up and out.

"Well," ejaculated Mrs. Ben, "what won't come to pass? Next thing, I suppose, will be Fritz offering to wash the dishes without being told. Shouldn't wonder if he was up and off this morning, too. First time I ever knew Jessie to get up without being told. Here, you Fritz, Fritz!" shrieked Mrs. Ben, going to the foot of the ladder and looking up through the trap.

A sound she was well accustomed to, something between a snort and a groan, was Mr. Freibourg's answer.

"Hurry up there, if ye don't want me to come up and help ye," called Mrs. Ben. "If I do, ye'll wish ye had got up without my help, that's all! I'll dress you!"

Now, as this was the formula Mrs. Ben had repeated every morning for some ten years without ever being known to vary it in the least, Fritz was too well accustomed to it to venture to disobey. Accordingly, he sprang up, and began dressing in all haste, considering he was half asleep during the performance. Mrs. Ben, meanwhile, set about kindling a fire and preparing breakfast—a meal which was usually over before the sun was up—and dressed for the day.

"Where's Jessie?" was Fritz's first question upon reaching the kitchen, as he glanced in the direction of the settee, where every morning about this hour he was accustomed to see her making her bed.

"Up and gathering sea-moss an hour ago, I'll be bound," replied Mrs. Ben. "The same as you would do, if you wasn't the most shiftless young vagabond on the face of the earth. I hope now this will be a warning to you for the future. Think of all the sea-moss and such you could have gathered every morning before this time if you was worth your salt! But it always was my luck ever since I was born to be plagued with a set of the laziest, most good-for-nothing beings as I saw upon the face of the earth! Stand out of my way if you don't want to break my neck!"

The unfortunate cat came in as usual for the latter part of this outburst of eloquence, emphasized by a vigorous kick.

"Bless me, Aunt Ben," exclaimed Master Fritz, roused to something like indignation by this unexpected harangue, "you don't want me to get up in the middle of the night, do you? It's too bad: no matter how early I get up, you always think I ought to get up earlier still. Suppose you'll be waking me about midnight to gather sea-moss pretty soon—ugh?"

Most of this reply was delivered *pianissimo*—that being the most prudent tone—and accordingly did not reach Mrs. Ben's ears, who was blustering out and in, sharp and breezy as the goddess of morning, bringing in wood and water, and beginning to knead bread.

"Yes, grumble," said the active little woman. "I never knew you doing anything else if you was told to work. Pity if a great, big, lazy fellow like you can't get up as early as Jessie, a delicate young gal, too. See her up and out, while you are snoring like a pig up there. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I say, Aunt Ben," said Fritz, looking up with as much interest as his usually expressionless face could assume, "was she out a little before twelve, when it was a storming so?"

"Before twelve?" said Mrs. Ben, in a high key, as she imagined her dutiful nephew was making fun of her. "Look here now, you Fritz, if I hadn't my hands in this dough, I'd box your ears till you wouldn't ask me such a question again."

"Now, Aunt Ben," said Fritz, in a whimpering tone, "it's too bad, so it is. I can't say nothing you don't get angry at. If it wa'nt Jessie, 'twas Miss Helena. I saw some woman or other out about midnight running like mad through the storm, and what's more, I heard her, too."

"My conscience," ejaculated Mrs. Ben, lifting up her floury hands in holy horror; "my-y conscience, how that there boy does lie! Fritz Freibourg, do you mean to tell me that you was out in that storm last night, and saw Miss Helena?"

"No, I wa'n't out myself," said Mr. Freibourg, tearing the comb fiercely through his locks in his indignation at having his veracity doubted; "but I seen what I saw, for all that. I suppose you ha'n't forgotten that there's a pane of glass broken out of one of the windows up-stairs, with your old bonnet stuck through it? Well," said Fritz, in a slightly subdued tone, "your old bonnet got blown out with the wind last night; and the first thing woke me was the rain a-beating into my face. So I jumped up to fasten it, and just as I got to the window there came such a flash of lightning as I never seen afore. For nearly ten minutes it was considerably clearer nor day! and just then I seen a woman flyin' through the storm, like as if all creation was after her; and as she passed the house I heard her singing out mother or murder—I don't know which. I was pretty frightened, though I did think it was only Miss Helena, for she had long black hair a-flyin' behind her, jist like hers. When the flash went away, I couldn't see nothing; for it was as dark as all out-doors, and though I was frightened of the storm I wanted to see if it was Miss Helena, and I stood there, waiting for the next, but when it came she was gone."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Ben, whose deepest interest was for the moment arrested, "what did you do then?"

"Well, then," said Fritz, in a lower key, as though sorry his story had not a more thrilling sequel, "I got tired a settin' up, so I laid down and went asleep. Who do you s'pose it was, Aunt Ben?"

"I don't think it was anybody! S'pose folks is fools to run out in sich a storm as that there! I know Miss Helena has queer notions sometimes, but she has more sense nor to go out philandering through the rain."

"Well, it must have been somebody," said Fritz, with a sort of dogged resolution. "I know I saw a woman running like a house a-fire, through all the wind and rain."

"No, you didn't," said Aunt Ben, shortly, "'twas only a touch of nightmare; so don't bother me any more about it."

Thus ignominiously silenced, Fritz proceeded lazily to assist in the preparation of breakfast, which he would greatly have preferred discussing, if left to himself, to getting ready.

The coffee and cakes were smoking at length on the table, but Jessie did not make her appearance.

"Very strange," said Mrs. Ben, "don't see what in the world keeps the girl. Here it is going on to seven o'clock, and my work a-standing while we are waiting for her. Fritz, just run out and see if you can see her."

Fritz started on his mission, but soon returned, announcing that nothing was to be seen of her.

"Then there's no use waiting any longer," said Mrs. Ben. "Sit down; maybe she's gone to the castle to breakfast with Miss Helena."

The meal was over—the service cleared away. Fritz set out to weed the garden; Mrs. Ben sat down to her wheel. But still Jessie came not.

"Very strange!" observed Mrs. Ben, at last, beginning to grow uneasy. "Ten o'clock, and Jessie not here yet! My stars! I wonder if anything can have happened to her! I've noticed she's been kind o' silent and pinin' away for the last two or three days. I hope nothin's happened to her. Oh, here she is now! No, 'tain't neither; it's Miss Helena."

The little widow rose, and came smiling and cheery to the door to welcome her guest.

"Well, Miss Helena, I'm glad to see you. Walk in and sit down. I thought when you and Master Malcolm came home from furrin parts you'd stay comfortably in the island; but 'stead o' that, we never see you no more nor if you was in Canada or Rooshia, or any other outlandish place. How's the captain, and that Mr. Clinton?"

"They were both very well when I saw them last," said Helena, smiling slightly, as she took the proffered seat, from which Mrs. Ben had been whisking some invisible particles of dust with her apron. "I hope you have been quite well yourself, Mrs. Ben?"

"Oh, pretty well," said Mrs. Ben, complacently. "Fact is, you know, I haint no time to be sick; it's only rich folks, what's well off, can afford to indulge in sickness. So you've had a great fortune left you, Miss Helena, I've heard tell!"

"Yes; Malcolm and I have received a legacy."

"Well, the Lord never does forget His own; and every now and then something's always sure to happen. I've always remarked that myself. I s'pose you don't intend to stay here much longer, Miss Helena?"

"I rather think not. We will leave you to keep the island, Mrs. Ben. But where is your niece this morning? I do not see her!"

"She went out this morning before any of us got up, and hasn't come back yet. I'm getting quite uneasy," said Mrs. Ben, anxiously getting up and going to the door. "I thought she had gone to see you!"

Helena gave a sudden start, and grew deadly pale as she thought of the handkerchief, the wild cry of murder, and the men leaving the island during the night. A terrible presentiment flashed across her mind, and, sick and dizzy, she fell back in her chair, and passed her hand over her heart.

"My gracious! Miss Helena, what's the matter? Are you ill?" said Mrs. Ben, turning suddenly, and seeing with alarm the sudden paleness of the young lady. "Here's some camphor; smell of it, or ye'll faint."

"Thank you, I do not require it," said

Helena, rising with an effort, and striving to be calm. "Have you any idea what time Jessie left the house?"

"Not the slightest idea, because I was asleep at the time. Fritz says—though there's no putting confidence in him—that, somewheres about midnight, he seed a woman running through the storm, and singing out 'Murder!' But, of course, he was dreaming; there couldn't have been any such thing."

"Oh, merciful Heaven! then it was no delusion on my part, since I heard it too. Oh, this is dreadful!" said Helena, wringing her hands.

"Miss Helena, what has happened?" said Mrs. Ben, growing very pale.

"Oh, Mrs. Ben! Heaven help you, Jessie!"

"Jessie! What of her?" cried Mrs. Ben, grasping a chair to steady herself.

"Oh, Mrs. Ben, must I tell you? Jessie has, I fear, gone out last night in the storm and—— Oh, Heaven!" said Helena, sinking into a chair, with a convulsive shudder.

"And what, Miss Helena? Tell me—quick! Was she swept away in the storm?" said Mrs. Ben, striving to strangle her trembling tones,

"Oh, worse, worse I fear—still worse!" said Helena, wildly.

"Oh, my soul! what has happened? Oh, Jessie, dear Jessie, where are you?"

"Jessie has, I fear, been waylaid and—"

"Murdered! Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Ben, falling back in her chair, and covering her face with her hands.

There was a moment's awful silence. Then Mrs. Ben, who, no matter what the emergency, never allowed her ever-practical mind to be long overclouded, dropped her hands from before her face, and though she was frightfully pale, said, in a voice whose firmness astonished Helena,

"What makes you think so, Helena? My poor little Jessie had not an enemy in the world."

"Oh, she had—she had!" cried Helena, thinking, with bitter remorse, how intensely she herself had hated her.

"Who was it?" said Mrs. Ben, starting up. "No one but a monster could have hurt one hair of her gentle head. Miss Helena, who do you think has done it?"

"I do not know—as Heaven hears me, I do not know," said Helena, recovering herself.

"What makes you think she was murdered?" said Mrs. Ben, who by this time had recovered all her customary composure, and now fixed her piercing eyes keenly on Helena's face.

"Last night, I too, like your nephew, heard the cry of murder," said Helena, shuddering at the recollection; "and early this morning I discovered in a bush down near the shore, a pocket-handkerchief, stained with blood, and marked with her name."

"Where is the handkerchief?"

"It is there still; I did not touch it."

"Come, then, and show me the place," said Mrs. Ben, a sudden passionate outburst of sorrow breaking through all the composure she was endeavoring to assume.

Without exchanging a word, they hurried to the spot where the ghastly handkerchief still fluttered in the breeze.

"Oh, it is hers!" exclaimed Mrs. Ben. "They have murdered her on the beach, and the tide has swept her away! Oh, Jessie, Jessie!"

And bowing her face in her hands, for the first time she wept passionately.

There was a long pause, broken only by Mrs. Ben's convulsive sobs. Helena stood wrestling with her own bitter thoughts, not daring to break in upon her grief by any useless words of comfort.

At last Mrs. Ben looked up, her tears seemingly changed to sparks of fire.

"Who has done this? You know!" she said, gloomily, laying her hand on Helena's arm.

"Heaven be merciful! I do not."

"Have you no idea? Is there no clue? Speak—for if there is law or justice in the land, those who have done this deed shall suffer."

"The only clue is one so slight that even now I do not know whether I really saw it or dreamt that I did," said Helena, hesitatingly.

"Speak, and tell me what it is. I must know," said Mrs. Ben, with a sort of grim vengeance.

"Then listen. Last night, after the moon rose—some two hours, I should judge, after I heard that cry of murder—on going to the window to look out, I perceived a boat push off from the shore, containing the forms of two men; but so speedily did they vanish from sight that I had barely time to catch the dark outline of their figures, and it all passed so quickly that I am still half disposed to believe it the effect of fancy."

"No boat could reach the island in the storm last night," said Mrs. Ben, still keeping her gloomy eyes fixed on Helena's face.

"I know that, and that is the principal reason I have for thinking what I saw may be the effect of fancy. And yet—and yet some one must have been here, else how are we to account for the committing of the deed? And what could have induced Jessie to go out in such a storm, and at such an hour?"

"I do not know—it is all wrapped in mystery," said Mrs. Ben, taking the handkerchief, and turning away; "but I'll find it out—I'll discover the murderers, if I should spend my whole life in seeking for them myself."

"What do you mean to do, Mrs. Ben?" said Helena, anxiously.

"To have the island searched for the first thing. I suppose you will let Evan come and help?"

"Of course. But would it not be a better plan to go over to Glenleith immediately, inform the authorities, and let them investigate the matter?"

"Fritz shall take me over at once," said Mrs. Ben.

"I will accompany you," said Helena. "We may both be needed to give evidence."

Half an hour later, the boat containing Fritz, Mrs. Ben, and Helena, was dancing over the water in the direction of Glenleith, to electrify the community by the announcement of the atrocious deed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Then she took up the burden of life again,
Saying only "It might have been."
Alas! for them both; and, alas! for us all
Who vainly the dreams of hope recall.
For of all sad words of lip or pen,
The saddest are these, "It might have been."
—*Whittier.*

With the cold rain falling in her face, the colder wind fanning her brow, Jessie awoke from that deep swoon that had been mistaken for death.

She opened her eyes and gazed vacantly around; but all was dark as Erebus. There was a roaring sound as of many waters in her ears—a vague, dull sense of some awful calamity—a heavy, suffocating feeling in her chest—a misty consciousness of some one supporting her head. Dark and dreary was the night around, but darker and drearier lay the heart in her bosom. Memory made a faint effort to regain its power—to recall some dreadful woe that pressed like leaden weights on her bosom—but in vain. Only that dull aching at her heart, only some past unutterable sorrow, that was all.

Bodily, as well as mentally, every faculty was prostrated. She made an effort to speak, to ask what had happened, to know where she was; but her lips moved in vain—no word came forth. She strove to rise, but at the first faint motion a sudden pang like a dagger thrust pierced her breast, and she fell back in a deadly swoon once more.

When next she awoke to consciousness, she found herself lying in a bed, with a bright sunshine shining in broad patches on the floor. Memory had not yet resumed its throne, and of that last dreadful night she was mercifully prevented from recalling anything. She strove in vain to collect her thoughts—nothing could be remembered; only that strange aching—that vague, unspeakable something that lay on her heart still.

She cast her eyes, in a sort of languid amaze, about the room where she lay with a dreamy wonder how she got there. She saw indistinctly, as we see things in a dream, a small, square room, with a rough, uncarpeted floor, two chairs, a small table, and various articles of wearing-apparel hanging around the walls. A little stand, on which lay bottles, linen bandages, and a glass filled with some sort of dark liquid, stood near the head of the bed on which she lay. At the foot of the bed was a small, square window, covered with a dark paper blind, but through which the sunlight peeped here and there in chinks.

All was profoundly still. She could hear the flies buzzing and droning as they flew over her head; she could hear what she fancied must be trees waving gently in the wind with a low, soothing sound, inexpressibly sweet; and like a wearied child she closed her eyes, and fell into a deep slumber.

Again she awoke, and now she knew it must be night. Some one had evidently been in the room while she slept, for the curtain had been rolled up from the window, and the moonlight came softly and brightly in. She could see, without moving, the tall, dark trees beyond, and she knew she must be in the forest.

Once more her eyes wandered round the room, and reason now made a terrible effort to resume its powers. Where was she? What had happened? Who had brought her here? As her mind began to clear, and consciousness to return, question after question rose to her lips. She closed her eyes, and struggled to recall the past.

Gradually the broken links in the chain of memory began to reunite. She recalled the note he had sent her that appointed their meeting on the beach—that night of storm and tempest through which she had gone to meet him—that meeting—and then, with a pang sharper than death, came the terrible recollection of his plunging the knife into her side.

She could think no further—the recollection of that dreadful moment seemed driving her mad. She made an effort to rise—to cry out; but just then a hand was laid soothingly on her forehead, and a voice met her ear, saying—

"Gently—gently, my child. You must not get up. Lie still, and drink this."

Some one—she could not tell whether it was man or woman—was bending over her, and holding the glass to her lips. Too weak to resist, she drank it off, and almost instantaneously fell into a deep sleep.

Days, weeks passed by before consciousness returned again. During all that time she had a vague idea of talking, raving wildly, incoherently, to Herbert, imploring him not to kill her, and she would never reveal their marriage; then shrieking as though she felt the steel entering her bosom. Sometimes she fancied Helena standing before her, with her black, menacing eyes, as she had been the last time she saw her, and once again would she clasp her little pale hands, and piteously implore her to spare her. Anon her mood would change, and she would speak in low, subdued tones of Mrs. Ben and Fritz, and strive to rise from bed, saying wildly, she "must go home to Aunt Ben." And then, falling back exhausted, she would vaguely see a kind face bending over her, a hand holding a cooling drink to her lips, or wetting and arranging the bandages on her wound. This, too, like the rest, would pass, and life and thought would again for a time be blotted out.

But one bright, golden August afternoon the blue eyes opened, no longer wild with the fires of fever, but calm and serene once more. A naturally strong constitution, united with youth and skilful though rough nursing, had triumphed at last over her long and dangerous illness.

Weak as an infant, unable to move hand or foot, pale, thin, and spiritual as a shadow she came back to life once more. Her feet had stood on the threshold of the valley of the shadow of death; but they were not permitted to pass therein; and the soft eyes looked forth from the little wan face with the light of reason again.

It was a glorious summer evening. From the window at her feet she could see the tall pine-trees crowned with sunshine, that fell like a glory on her pale, transparent brow. Through the open door came floating in the delicious odor of flowers, and the sweet, wild songs of the birds, breathing of peace and holy calm.

While she yet lay with her little wan hands lying listlessly on the quilt, the gentle quiet of the sylvan scene stealing into her heart, too weak even to think, she heard a footstep beside her, a hand lightly arranging her pillows, and then a voice, one of the kindest Jessie had ever heard, saying—

"How does thee feel to-day, my child?"

Jessie lifted her eyes languidly, and saw a man bending over her. He might have been forty years of age, short, square, and ungainly in form, but with a chest and shoulders betokening vast, almost herculean, strength. His hair was almost white, but dark streaks here and there showed what had been its original color: his face, with its irregular features, would have been positively ugly had it not been for the expression of benevolence, of quiet goodness, the gentle, tender look it wore, that seemed shedding a very halo around it, and you forgot the brown skin, the rough, large features, the bushy eyebrows and stony-gray eyes, in the almost womanly sweetness and softness of his smile. His dress was a long drab coat, with blue homespun vest and trowsers.

At any other time this unexpected apparition might have alarmed Jessie, but that gentle voice reassured her, and she answered, faintly—

"Better, thank you."

"That is well; thee feels weak, does thee not?"

"Oh, yes—so weak," she said, closing her eyes.

"Well, I expected as much; thee has been very, very ill," said the man, adjusting a pillow, and shading the light with the skilful hand of a practised nurse.

A thousand questions were rising to Jessie's lips, but she was too utterly prostrated to give them voice. She fixed her eyes wistfully on the man's face, with a questioning gaze that brought him once more to her side.

"Well, my daughter, what does thee now want?"

"Tell me"—the faint whisper died away, and totally exhausted, the hand she had half raised fell again by her side.

"Does thee want to know how thou camest here?"

A faint motion of her head, and that eager, inquiring gaze was the sole reply she could make.

"It may excite thee too much; thee had better wait until thee is stronger, child," said the man, gently.

"Now—now!" she faintly gasped, with that wild, troubled, imploring look still riveted on her face.

"Then, I found thee on the beach one wild, stormy night, three weeks ago, wounded nigh unto death."

A spasmodic shudder convulsed all her frame. Oh! what would she not have given for strength to ask for Herbert? Where was he? Would he be arrested for what he had done? She longed to know that he was safe and well; all she had suffered herself was as nothing compared to that. She wanted to ask how this man had come there—where she was now—if Mrs. Ben knew of this; but, to save her soul from death, she could not utter a word.

Perhaps the man read her thoughts in that eager, almost passionate gaze, for he said—

"Thee wants to ask how I came on the island that night, does thee not?"

She made a faint motion in the affirmative.

"That would be too long a story for thee to hear now, my child. When thou art stronger I will tell thee all. Rest content with knowing that thou art safe; and with friends who will care for thee as though thou wert their own. Thou must drink this now."

One question more—one on which more than life or strength depended. Herbert! Herbert! she must ask of him.

Pushing back the proffered drink, which she knew contained some narcotic for sending her to sleep, she collected all her energies for the effort, and managed, faintly, to say to him—

"Was there—did you see the one who—who wounded me?"

"No, my daughter; the assassin had fled, most probably. I saw no one but thee, and made no further search. Now, thee must not talk just yet. In two or three days thee will be stronger, and then I will tell thee everything thee wishes to know."

Too weak to resist, and deeply relieved that he had not seen Herbert, she quaffed the proffered draught, that brought with it balmy sleep.

During the two or three next days the man was her most zealous nurse—tending her with a zeal, care, and gentle solicitude few nurses could have equalled; but resisting all her efforts to draw him into conversation.

"By and by, daughter; be patient, and thee will learn all," was ever his firm reply—given, however, in the very gentlest of tones.

Left thus to herself and her own thoughts, as she grew stronger, Jessie's mind strove to comprehend and account for the motive that had prompted Herbert to commit so dreadful a deed. That it was he, she never for a moment thought of doubting. That the act had been premeditated, the note he sent her appointing the meeting on that lonely spot, at the dead hour of the night, fully proved.

But his motive? That, too, she had settled in her own mind. She had heard that he loved Helena Macdonald before he met her. Now, Helena was an heiress—courted and admired by all for her beauty and wealth—what so natural, then, as that he should wish to make this peerless queen of the isle his bride! She was the only obstacle that stood in his way; therefore he had, no doubt, resolved to murder her, to make way for Helena. Perhaps, too, he had heard her message to Helena; and, guessing its purport, resolved that the secret of the marriage should never go forth. Long before she had felt he was tired of her, but she had never before dreamed he wished for her death.

Yes, she felt as firmly convinced that it was his hand that had struck the blow—she felt as firmly convinced, too, that these were his motives—as she did of her very existence, and yet, in the face of all this, she loved him still. Yes! loved him so well—forgave him so freely—that she resolved he should never know of her existence; she would no longer stand between him and happiness. She would never return to the world she had so nearly quitted; she would fly far away, where no one would ever know or hear of her, or she would stay buried here in the depths of the forest with this recluse, whoever he was, if he would permit her.

She thought of Mrs. Ben and Fritz—they were the only ones in the wide world who cared for her. How would they account for her absence—what construction would they put on her sudden flight? She could not tell, but she felt long before this that they had given her up for lost, and their grief for her loss would soon abate. Yes! her resolution was taken—she would never go back to the island more.

With this determination taken, her mind grew calm, for hers was not a nature for long or passionate grief. It is true she wept convulsively at times; but this mood would soon pass away, and she would lie quietly, calmly, for hours after, watching the trees sleeping in the sunshine, willing to submit quietly to whatever the future might have in store for her—like a stray leaf whirling down the stream of life, willing to go whichever way the current willed.

Her strange, rough-looking, but really gentle nurse was still indefatigable in his care for her; but as yet he had told her nothing of himself, nor his object in visiting the island that night. Jessie used to look up in his hardy, honest face sometimes, and wonder vaguely, as she did at everything else, what possible reason could have brought him there. One other circumstance perplexed her not a little. Once or twice she had caught sight of a female form and face moving about in the outer room—it had been only a momentary glimpse, and yet it vividly recalled the wild, weird woman she had seen on the island on her bridal night. There was the same pale, strange face, the same wild, streaming black hair, the same dark, woeful eyes, and Jessie trembled in superstitious terror as she thought of her.

Many times, too, she heard a light, quick footstep moving about, which she knew could not belong to her host, the soft rustling of female garments, and at times, but very rarely, a low, musical, voice talking softly, as if to herself. All this perplexed and troubled Jessie, and she would have asked the man about her, only—as he never by any chance mentioned her himself—she feared offending him by what might seem impertinent curiosity.

In a few days, Jessie was well enough to sit up at the window of her room, and drink in the health-giving exhilarating air, and listen to the songs of the birds in the trees around. She saw this hut—for it was little more—was situated in the very depths of the great forest, far removed from every other habitation. As yet she had not stepped beyond the precincts of her narrow chamber; but one morning, tempted out by the genial warmth and invigorating beauty of the day, she had arisen for the purpose of going out for a short walk.

As she entered the outer room she glanced around with some curiosity. It was a small square apartment, scarcely larger than the one she had quitted, containing little furniture, and that of the rudest kind. Two small, uncurtained windows admitted the bright sunshine, and opposite the door was a low, smoky-looking fire-place. A bed occupied one corner, and a primitive-looking deal table the other. No one was in the room; but the door stood wide open; and in the porch beyond Jessie caught sight of a female form, sitting on the ground, with its back toward her. There was no mistaking those long, black, flowing tresses, and for a moment she hesitated and drew back in terror. But her attitude and manner showed her to be no phantom of an excited imagination, but a woman like herself; and curiosity proving stronger than dread, Jessie softly approached, but with a fluttering heart.

Whether the woman heard her or not, she did not move, and Jessie was permitted to approach and look over her shoulder unnoticed. A little gray and white kitten was in her lap, which went spinning round and round after a straw which the woman held above its head—now and then breaking into a peal of silvery laughter at its futile attempts to catch it. Surprise at this unexpected occupation held Jessie for a time spell-bound; but reassured now that the person she beheld was flesh and blood like herself, she passed her and went out.

For a moment the strange woman looked up from her occupation, and glanced at Jessie; and then, without further notice, resumed her play with the kitten, just as if she had not seen her at all. But in that one brief, fleeting glance Jessie read her sad story. The woman before her was insane.

In mingled sorrow, surprise, and curiosity Jessie stood gazing upon her. She could do so with perfect impunity—for the woman never raised her eyes to look at her after that one careless passing glance, every faculty being apparently absorbed by her straw and her kitten. In years, she might have been five-and-thirty, with a face which, in spite of its total want of expression, was still singularly beautiful. Her tall, slender form was exquisitely rounded; and her long, rich, waving hair floated like black ravelled silk over her fair, sloping shoulders. Every feature was beautifully chiselled, her complexion dazzlingly fair, almost transparent; and her large, black, brilliant eyes magnificent, despite their vacant idiotic stare. Her hands and feet were of most aristocratic smallness and whiteness; for she wore neither shoes nor stockings. Her dress was of coarse brown serge, but it could not mar the beautiful form it covered.

Moments passed unheeded, while Jessie stood gazing sadly on the lovely wreck of womanhood before her, and wondering what could have driven her insane, and why she and this man dwelt alone here, so far removed from human habitation. She wondered what relation they bore to each other. He could not be her father—he was not old enough for that—neither could he be her brother, they were too totally dissimilar in looks. Perhaps he was her husband, but even that did not seem probable. While she thus idly speculated, the woman suddenly arose, and clasping her kitten in her arms, turned and walked rapidly away in the direction of the woods, without once glancing at Jessie, and was soon lost to sight amid the trees.

"Who can she be?" thought Jessie. "It is certainly the same one I saw that night on the island, though she was raving mad, and this one seems perfectly harmless. I thought her a ghost that night, and fainted, and he had to tell Mrs. Ben some story of his own invention to account for it."

The thought brought back the past so vividly to her mind that the maniac was forgotten; and sitting down on a fallen tree, she buried her face in her hands, and gave way to a passionate burst of grief.

It was soon over. Jessie's paroxysms of sorrow never lasted long, but exhausted themselves by their very violence, and she arose to survey the place which seemed destined to be her future home.

It was a beautiful sylvan spot.

The cabin was built in a sort of natural semicircle, surrounded on all sides by the dense pine-woods. A smooth grass-plot sloped gently for some three yards in front of the house, and then was broken on the one side by clumps of bushes, and on the other by a little clear crystal stream that danced over the white pebbles flashing like pearls in the sunlight. Behind the house was a sort of vegetable garden, with a narrow space reserved for flowers, betokening the refined taste of the gardener. The house itself was a low, rough, unpretending-looking cabin of the smallest and plainest dimensions. Not a sound broke the deep stillness, save the musical ripple of the little stream, the songs of the birds, the soft swaying of the trees, and involuntarily the deep peace of the scene passed into Jessie's heart, soothing it into calmness once more.

As she sat gazing around, a heavy footstep came crashing through the trees, and the next moment her host stood before her, with a gun in one hand and a game-bag well filled slung over his shoulder.

He advanced to where she sat, looking surprised and pleased to see her there.

"So thee has ventured out, my daughter!" he said, with his kindly voice and kindlier smile. "I am glad to see thee able to leave thy room once more."

"Yes, the day was so fine, and the sunshine so bright and warm, I could not resist the temptation," said Jessie. "I see you have been shooting with good success."

"Yes, game is plentiful hereabouts," he answered, replacing his gun on a couple of hooks in the porch. "But thee had better come in now; it is not good for thee to sit too long in the hot sun, thee knows."

Jessie rose half reluctantly, and followed him into the house. The man drew a low, easy-chair close to the open window, and said—

"Sit thee there, child. I know invalids like thee like to rest quiet. It's very quieting to the feelings. I must get the dinner now."

"Let me help you," said Jessie, anxious to be useful. "Let me get the dinner."

"By no means, daughter," said the man, with his pleasant smile; "thee is too weak to work yet; and, besides, I have nothing else to do. Sit thee down there; for now that thee is strong enough to bear it I want to have a little talk with thee."

Jessie sank anxiously into the chair, and waited for what was to come. The man took a brace of grouse out of his bag, and placing them on the table, drew up his chair, and began taking off the feathers and conversing with Jessie at the same time.

"First, my daughter, I should like to know what is thy name."

"Jessie," was the response.

"Hast thee no other?"

"I am sometimes called Benington, but that is not my name. I am an orphan, and live with my aunt."

"Where is thy native place?"

"Macdonald's Island," said Jessie, in a slightly tremulous voice.

"Ah!" said the man, in some surprise, "if I had known that I would not have brought thee here. I thought thee was a stranger. Does thee belong to the Macdonalds?"

"No, sir; I lived with Mrs. Ben, the widow who resides on the island."

"Yes, yes, I see," said the host, thoughtfully; "I have seen the woman thee means. But how came thee, child, to be lying stabbed on the beach that stormy night?"

"Sir, there is a long story connected with that, which at present you must excuse my not telling. I cannot do so without involving others, and that I do not wish to do," replied Jessie, trying to steady her trembling voice.

"As thee pleases, child, as thee pleases," said the man, kindly. "Do not speak of it if it hurts thy feelings. I merely asked from the interest I take in thee. But how about returning to thy friends? Thee wishes to do so, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Jessie, with involuntary vehemence. "Oh, I never wish to go back again!"

"Does thee not?" said her host, fixing his strong gray eyes on her face in grave surprise. "Thee has good reasons for that, doubtless?"

"Oh, I have, I have! Some day I will tell you all, but not now. I have no one to accuse or to blame, and the only friends I have have ceased to think of me as living before this. If I returned to them there are many who would be rendered miserable for life, and as they think me dead I intend to be so to them."

All her courage gave way here; and bowing her face in her hands, she gave way to one of her wild, passionate bursts of tears.

The man's face expressed deep sympathy and compassion; he did not speak nor interrupt her till the violence of her sudden grief was abated, and then he inquired, in his customary quiet tone—

"And what does thee intend to do, my daughter?"

"I do not know yet," said Jessie, raising her head. "I will go away somewhere and work for my living, where I shall never be heard of again."

"Poor little one! what can thee do for a living?" said the man, compassionately. "Thee is too small and delicate to work, and never was made to buffet the storms of this rough world."

"I shall not have to wait long; I shall die!" said Jessie, sadly.

"That thee will, if thee takes thy place among the workers in the outer circle of life. So thee is fully determined never to go back to thy friends?"

"Oh, never! never! I would rather die. All I wish, all I hope and pray for, is that they never discover I am alive."

"Then stay with us; thee will not have to work at all, and no one will ever hear of thee any more than if thee were thousands of miles away. We are buried here in the very heart of the woods and moors, where people very rarely come, and if any one did come thee could easily be concealed till they went away. I know it is dull and lonely here, but thee will get reconciled to that in time."

"Oh, this is just what I wished, but I hardly dared hope for," exclaimed Jessie, with sparkling eyes. "How can I ever thank you for your generous offer?"

"I do not wish for thanks, my daughter, and thee will oblige me, friend Jessie, by not mentioning it more. Thou wilt be very useful, and can take care of Edith, who is insane, but quite harmless. Thou hast seen her, has thee not?"

"The handsome woman with the dark hair and eyes? Yes," replied Jessie.

"Then that is settled," said the man, with a smile. "And now that I have questioned thee it is thy turn. Does thee wish to ask anything?"

"Oh, yes, ever so many things," said Jessie; "but I am afraid you may not like—that you may be offended."

"There is no danger of that, my daughter. I may not choose to answer some of thy questions, but I will not be offended, let thee say what thee will."

"Well, then," said Jessie, with a faint smile, "to begin catechising after the same fashion as yourself, may I ask your name, and that of the lady who lives here?"

"Yes! Her name is Edith Macdonald; mine is Luke Leatherdale. Thee may call me Uncle Luke if thee likes."

"Then she is no relation to you?"

"She is my cousin—no more."

"Once before," said Jessie, hesitatingly, "I asked you how you came to be on the island that stormy night. You did not tell me then. May I repeat the question now?"

"Certainly. Edith, though usually quiet, has certain paroxysms of violence, during which, with the usual cunning of insanity, she sometimes eludes my vigilance and escapes. On these occasions she goes down to the shore, takes a boat, and goes over to the island. I, of course, follow her, and it was one of these times I happened to be there. That afternoon she had gone over, and was wandering through the pine woods. I went after her, and just reached the island as that furious storm came on. I wandered around for a long time without finding her, and in my search, somewhere about midnight, I providentially chanced to reach the spot where thee lay wounded and exposed to the fury of the storm.

"The tide was rising on the shore, and five minutes later thee would have been swept away. I lifted thee in my arms and carried thee down to the boat, instead of following my first intention of leaving thee at the cottage or at Macdonald's Castle. I did not wish to let it be known that I was on the island. Then I heard a voice screaming 'Murder!' and I knew it must be Edith; so I set off to look for her again, and found her just coming out of the castle. I had to bind her hand and foot, and tie a handkerchief over her mouth to keep her quiet, and there I waited till the storm had abated. It was near noon the next day when we reached the shore, a quarter of a mile below this place, which is considerably to the south of Macdonald's Isle, and Edith's paroxysm being over she followed me quietly home. While I carried thee I feared thee was dead for a long time, and only I happened to have a good deal of knowledge of surgery thee never would have recovered. That is the whole history," said "Uncle Luke," rising, with a smile, and hanging his grouse over the fire to roast.

A light had broken on the mind of Jessie whilst he spoke. This woman must be the apparition that had so often been seen on the isle, and had given it the name of being haunted.

"May I ask," she said, eagerly, "if this—if Edith has been in the habit of visiting the island?"

"Yes, such is her habit at times," said Luke gravely. "About the full of the moon she gets these bad turns, and generally makes her escape to the island, though sometimes I prevent her. Has thee ever seen her there?"

"Yes, once," said Jessie; "but I thought she was a spirit."

"More than thee has thought that, friend Jessie; but thee need not be afraid of her—she is perfectly harmless."

"Why is it she always goes to the island at such times?" said Jessie, curiously.

The man's face clouded.

"There is a long story connected with that, my daughter—a sad story of wrong and crime. Some day—soon—I will tell it to thee, if thee reminds me of it."

"How long has she been insane?"

"Nearly fourteen years."

"A long time, indeed. I should like to hear her history very much. Do you not fear she has gone to the island now? I saw her go into the woods an hour ago."

"No. She has only gone for a stroll through the trees, or to look for berries; she will soon be back—and here she is," he added, as the woman Edith abruptly entered, her kitten still in her arms, and without looking or speaking to either of them, she sat down on a low stool, and began sorting some pine-cones held in her lap.

All this time the man Luke had been getting dinner and setting the table, proving himself to be as good a cook as a nurse. In a few minutes it was smoking on the table; and then he went over and touched the woman on the shoulder, and said, gently—

"Is thee ready for dinner, Edith?"

"Yes," she said, rising promptly, and taking her seat.

Jessie took the place pointed out to her, and Uncle Luke, taking the head of the table, did the honors.

Then, when the meal was over, Edith resumed her stool and her pine-cones; Jessie took the easy-chair by the window; and Luke busied himself in clearing away the dinner dishes, and setting things to rights.

Weak still, and exhausted by the efforts of the morning, Jessie threw herself on her bed during the course of the afternoon, and fell into a profound and refreshing sleep of bodily weariness, from which she did not awaken until the bustle of preparing supper aroused her.

In the evening Luke took down an old, antiquated-looking Bible, and read a few chapters aloud; and then they all retired to their separate couches.

And thus began Jessie's new life—a life of endless monotony, but one of perfect peace. As the days passed on, bringing with them no change or excitement, she gradually settled down into a sort of dreamy lethargy, disturbed now and then as some circumstances would forcibly recall all she had loved and lost forever, by short, passionate outbursts of grief, but which were always followed by a deeper and more settled melancholy than before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Remarkable Dream.

BY REV. C. B. TAYLER, M. A.

I have the account of a remarkable dream to bring before your readers, for the facts of which I can vouch. My grandfather, Ralph Winstanley Wood, when a young officer, sailed for India in the same ship with the governor-general, Warren Hastings. That great and yet much maligned man treated the young soldier with marked kindness. His character and conduct had won the high esteem of Mr. Hastings, who offered him the appointment of salt agent, and my grandfather therefore resigned his commission.

He not only bore a high character for uprightness and probity during the years he passed in India, but was distinguished for his kindness of heart and benevolence toward the natives. He and a friend of his of like spirit, Captain Oakes, were the means of saving the inhabitants of a town during a frightful famine. They purchased a shipload of rice, and sold it at market price. It was too often the case in those days that large fortunes were made in India by unprincipled men who scrupled not to act in a very different manner.

My grandfather's departure from India on his return to England took place about the year 1781. He was accompanied by his eldest daughter. It was settled that his wife, with his three younger children, for some reason of which I am ignorant, should remain until the following year. When the time came for my grandmother to leave India and rejoin her husband, she took her passage, and that of her three younger children, in the "Grosvenor" East Indiaman, which was announced to sail in the month of June, 1782. My own dear mother was then a child of five years old, but she was older than her sister, and a still younger brother. Those three young children were an anxious charge for their mother to undertake during the voyage, long as it then was, from India to England.

The day was fixed on which the vessel was to sail, and the preparations were being made for her departure, when my grandmother was troubled by a dream of the shipwreck of the vessel.

She was a woman of strong sense, and she would not allow herself to be disturbed by the unsubstantial visions of a dream. The impression would probably have died away had not the dream occurred again. This startled her, but again she dismissed the thought as foolish and superstitious.

She still kept the dream to herself, and the preparations for the voyage went on. Only a few days would have to pass before she went on board the "Grosvenor," when she again dreamt that the ship was wrecked.

Two days before the vessel was to sail, Mrs. Wood sent to the captain and begged to see him. He came immediately. "I shall astonish you by what I have to tell you," she said, "but I and my children cannot be passengers in your ship to England." She related to him her dream, and told him how often it had returned. She had resolved not to suffer herself to be influenced by it; "but only last night," she went on to say, "that dream came again. You may deem me superstitious, unreasonable, weak, and foolish. It may be you would be right, and I may be wrong; but my mind is made up, my resolution is not to be shaken. You must sail without me."

The friends with whom she was to have sailed came and reasoned with her, laughed at her superstition, reproached her for yielding to it, and entreated her to change her mind. The ladies were especially urgent; some of them were her intimate friends. Gently but firmly she replied to their affectionate importunities, retaining her resolution not to leave India in that ship.

I make no comment here on the fact of the dream, and its influence on her who dreamed, but the reader may like to know the history of the voyage.

The "Grosvenor" sailed on the 13th of June, 1782, on her homeward-bound voyage. No event of any importance took place till the fatal 4th of August. For some days previous to this it had blown very hard, and the passage had been a rough one. The sky had been overcast for some time, and the result was, an error was made concerning the distance of the vessel from land. Captain Coxon thought they were about one hundred leagues from the shore. This calculation, alas! proved quite incorrect. One of the men, who was aloft with some others in the night-watch, thought he saw breakers ahead. He at once drew the attention of his companions, and they saw that such was indeed the case. Upon the captain being informed of this, he at once ordered the ship to veer, but before this could be done her keel struck with great force against the rocks. In a few moments every person was on deck. In vain the captain tried the pumps; no water was found in the hold, the stern being high on the rocks. The powder-room was soon filled with water. The masts of the ship were cut away, but all was of no avail; destruction appeared inevitable. In their distress three men attempted to swim to the shore by means of the deep-sea line; two of them reached the land, but the other was drowned. The yawl and jolly-boat were dashed to pieces. As quickly as possible a raft was framed for the purpose of conveying the women, children, and the sick to the shore. A hawser was carried to land and fastened round the rocks, but just after the ladies had taken their situation the hawser snapped, the raft was upset, and three men were drowned. After this several men got safely to shore by means of the hawser, but in this attempt fifteen others lost their lives. Providentially the wind soon shifted, and many were soon safely landed.

The perils of the sea had indeed been very great, the horrors of shipwreck very terrible; but worse perils and more terrible trials awaited those unfortunate survivors on land. The following morning the natives came upon them, and carried off all they could lay hands on, without actually plundering from the person. After the natives left them they determined to journey by land to the Cape, and they started upon this expedition, under the command of Captain Coxon. As they went on their way they were followed by the natives, who continually plundered and insulted them. After they had travelled some few miles, they met a large band, among whom was a Dutchman, who warned them of the dangers of their journey, both on account of the natives and also because of the wild beasts. Soon after they were met by three Kaffirs, who were armed with lances, which they held several times to the captain's throat. Annoyed at this, he foolishly wrenched a spear from them and broke it in two. The consequence was that on the following day between three and four hundred of these men, armed for war, stopped them. A fight followed, in which many were wounded, but no lives were lost. Peace, however, was made, and the travellers pursued their journey. A few days later the natives again came upon them, and robbed them of everything valuable, including the flint, steel, and tinder-box which had been so useful in kindling fires at night. And now another and a greater difficulty presented itself; the sailors began to murmur, and made up their minds that the best plan would be that every one should look out for himself; but by liberal promises many of these men were induced to stay. This murmuring, however, brought about a separation, and the party was divided into two companies, one of which agreed to go on as before, while the other company left them and hastened forward. But they were soon stopped by a river, and the two companies were together

again for a time. It was thought by some that they would be in less danger if they travelled in small companies. Accordingly they separated again. The ladies went with the captain—they had hidden their jewels in their hair—but his fate and that of his associates is almost unknown. The other party, which was led by the second mate, proceeded for some time, when another division took place; half of his company resolving to travel inland, and the others by the shore. Those who took the inland way were soon compelled by hunger to return to the coast, where they could procure shell-fish, which was their principal article of food. One of their company, Captain Talbot, was now quite exhausted. He and his servant were obliged to be left sitting side by side, and they were never again heard of. The others continued their long and painful journey. At one or two of the villages which they passed on their way, they tried to barter with the people, and in some cases they succeeded; but in others the natives even kept what was given to them in exchange for food, and then refused to complete their part of the bargain. At last they had nothing left to offer in exchange, and as the people refused to give them anything, they were obliged to subsist as well as they could upon shell-fish, now and then enjoying the luxury of a dead seal or whale which they found on the shore. At length they arrived at the entrance of a deep gully, at which these words were traced on the sand: "Turn in here, and you will find plenty of wood and water." This convinced them that the other party had passed this way, and that they were ahead of them. But their dreadful privations and terrible journey were almost at an end.

Shortly after this they met two men belonging to a Dutch settlement, who were in search of lost cattle. These men treated them well. The travellers related to them their story, and it was found that their journey had lasted 117 days. Next morning a sheep was killed for them, and another Dutchman arrived with a cart and six horses to take the party toward the Cape. To the great credit of the Dutch government, although they were at war with England, they sent out a large party in search of the unfortunate men who had been lost by their companions. Only twelve of the survivors were found.

Such, then, was the dream, and thus it came to pass that the circumstances which were brought before my grandmother, night after night, were realized. She had seen in her dream the shore of the African coast, and the great, stately ship stranded on the beach of that strange land, among frowning rocks and the foam of raging billows.

When the news of the loss of the "Grosvenor" reached England, my grandfather gave up his wife and children for lost. He mourned for them, feeling as if he and his eldest child—the young, delicate girl whom he had brought home with him—were alone in the world.

Six months had passed away; he was at the house of his wife's mother at Kensington, when a carriage drove up to the door. It contained the wife of his youth, and their three blooming children. The joy was almost overpowering with which he beheld them. That faithful wife, with her usual energy and decision of character, had hastened from the vessel which had brought her safely to England, to be the first to communicate to him the safety of herself and their children. She had only waited for the first ship that sailed, and that was a Danish East Indiaman, and thus she returned to her husband, to unite with him and her children in blessing and thanking God for his great mercy to them in their wonderful escape.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

WHAT HIS WIFE HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIM.

[Interview in the San Francisco *Morning Call.*]

Reporter—Where did Mr. Miller prepare his "Songs of the Sierras?"

Mrs. Miller—In Grant County, Oregon. In fact, many of his poems were written in that county.

Reporter—Has Mr. Miller ever visited the scenes he describes?

Mrs. Miller—Never! he gained all his knowledge of prairie and tropics from his reading.

Reporter—He has given himself a rather fanciful appellation. Do you know how he received it?

Mrs. Miller—He was a great admirer of Joaquin Murietta, the bandit, and one of the first poems he published depicted Murietta as a hero, which caused Mrs. Mary A. Sawtelle, who was very well acquainted with Mr. Miller, to designate him as "Joaquin" Miller. The name pleased him, and he resolved to assume it. The first volume he published was entitled "Joaquin et al." This is the origin of his *nom de plume*.

Reporter—What do you think of his poems as productions of genius?

Mrs. Miller—I would not, under any circumstances, detract from his literary fame; for he works hard, and has earned his reputation as a poet dearly. He deserves the success to which he has attained, and I would not sully his literary fame on any consideration.

Reporter—He does not write as freely, then, as his poems might indicate?

Mrs. Miller—Not at all. He labors over every word, culling a word here and a line there, and reads and re-reads before he is satisfied.

Reporter—He appears to consider all women angels?

Mrs. Miller—Silent angels, though. His ideal of a woman is a passive creature, over whom man must have complete and undisputed control. His poem "Even so," which I know was intended for myself, is a sample—

> "She has not much to say, and she
> Lifts never voice to question me
> In aught I do—and that is much.
> I love her for her patient trust,
> And my love's forty-fold return—
> A value I have not to learn."

That is his idea exactly, and he has acted it out in his whole life. Another portion of the poem speaks of

> "That round, brown, patient hand
> Of hers, that never rests till I return."

Which I think is a true reflex of his sentiment in regard to woman. I consider his description very fine, but the idea he intends to convey is faulty.

Reporter—Then he is far from being a poet, both as a poet and a man?

Mrs. Miller—He has no conception of right or wrong, and I make that as an apology for many things he has done. He loves fine emotions, and neglects other and more important points. He has no affection whatever in his manner, bearing or demeanor.

Reporter—His eccentricities are natural enough to him, I suppose.

Mrs. Miller—He has whims; his life consists of whims; but I am inclined to think that many of his eccentricities, especially in his dress, are affected. It has been the dream of his life to imitate Byron, and he attempts it even in his walk. Lord Byron was lame, you know. Mr. Miller was not lame until he became famous. In Oregon his step was firm and elastic. I am of the opinion that this is all affectation.

Reporter—How long were you his wife?

Mrs. Miller—It would have been ten years this month.

Reporter—You have children living, have you not?

Mrs. Miller (smiling)—Three, Maud, Brick and Hair. Maud, my eldest, is eight years old. She resembles her father, and is as pretty as she can be. Hair is my youngest. I call him "Prince Hair." My boys are handsome little fellows. Perhaps it is a mother's weakness to call her children beautiful; but surely it is a heavenly weakness, and I would do anything and sacrifice everything to contribute to their happiness. They are with my mother in Portland.

Reporter—Their father must be very fond of them?

Mrs. Miller—He was not unkind to them, but he has no love for children, and I endeavored to keep them from annoying him. I would have given anything to have made him love them. He did not kiss Maud until she was eight months old.

Reporter—How did you act toward each other upon his return from London?

Mrs. Miller—He had left me destitute, and I did not hear from him for a year, until Oregon became indignant and the press began to circulate stories of his conduct. He then wrote to me and my friends and sent a written denial to the charges, which he asked me to publish. When he returned to Oregon, we met at the house of a friend, and met as friends.

PROFESSOR BANGEMWELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

"It is so perfectly unreasonable of you, papa," pouted Minnie McAlster, only and petted daughter of lawyer McAlster, and pretty and wilful as a pet kitten, "so perfectly unreasonable, and it is so impudent of that *fellow* to write and ask you for my hand, before I have set my eyes on him."

"But you *have* set your eyes on him many a time," interrupted her father.

"Oh, yes," with a toss of the dainty head, "when he was in his first jacket, and I in pinafores. I know all about *that*. Because we were two pretty children, and pleasant playmates, our stupid fathers said 'let us pledge our children to each other.' And now, after twelve years, when I am seventeen, and he twenty-one, the impudent creature coolly desires me to be true to that nonsensical trash, and writes to ask a renewal of your consent."

"Which he certainly has."

"But which it will do him no good to obtain," continued Minnie, "for I say positively I will not see him, nor speak to him, nor glance at him if he comes here. If you write and tell him to come, I will run away to Rockwood, anyhow, and take vocal lessons. I know I have musical genius, if it were properly cultivated, and there is a splendid professor at Rochester, who has a large class in training. I want to join it, and I shall go away next week if you consent, but if you let that horrid, impudent, insolent Walter Graham come spying around here after my *fortune*, (for that is what he wants,) I shall go without your consent, and I shall be free from persecution there, because the rules are strict, and no gentleman 'followers' are allowed in the academy. So you know what to expect."

"My dear," said lawyer McAlster coolly, viewing his irate daughter with twinkling eyes, "let me correct one error you have fallen into. Walter Graham is worth three times what I am this moment. His father's whole property is in his hands, and he is independently wealthy. So I hardly think he is looking with covetous eyes upon your few thousands. No, he remembers you as a most sweet child, and being of a somewhat romantic turn of mind, he thinks it would be pleasant to follow out the wishes of his father and yours, and renew the pledge made by them. However, if he could see you at this moment he would think you anything but a sweet girl."

"Then I wish you would call in an artist, and have my picture taken upon the spot, to send him."

"But I would rather not—for remember, I desire you to see, and, at least, treat this young man as the poet says we treat Vice, the monster—first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"Oh, yes," pouted Minnie, "you lawyers think there is nothing in life but bargain and sale. You would have me coolly pledge myself to this fellow, because you think he would be a good match, and you would make a regular dry *law* affair of it, without any love or wooing in it."

"You are in error again," interrupted her father. "I *would* make a law affair of it, by having you permit this 'fellow,' as you call him, to go to *court*, and allow him to make his *plea*. I don't ask you to promise your hand to him till he has done this—but you refuse even to see him."

"Yes, I *do* refuse to see him; and there is an end of it. I am not going to be won in this matter-of-fact way. I am going to fall in love without meaning to, and be fallen in love with in some unexpected, romantic way, and have it all like a story book."

Lawyer McAlster smiled.

"You will doubtless fall in love with that professor over at Rochester," he said.

"Ah, no—he is old and dried up. I shall meet my fate, in some unlooked-for manner, when I least expect to, I suppose. But will you let me go to Rochester?"

"I will think about it. I would rather you should take lessons here; and if I can get a good instructor to come here, I suppose you will be just as well pleased, will you not?"

"Yes—if you keep Walter Graham away."

At the end of a week, Mr. McAlster informed Minnie that he had secured her an instructor for her voice.

"I wrote to a friend," he said, "a musical gentleman of my acquaintance, and he has secured an excellent teacher—who will be here some time next week. He will make his home with us; he will devote his whole time to you. I will pay him well for it; and you will progress much faster, than you would at Rochester. I want you to study hard, and apply yourself strictly to your music. I shall pester you no more about Walter Graham—for I have written to him how you feel upon the subject; and now that Prof. Bangemwell is coming, you need worry no more about that 'fellow's,' annoying you."

"Prof. Bangemwell!" repeated Minnie. "What a name! I know he is old, and tall, and thin, and wears green spectacles, and will be cross as a bear. But I don't care, so long as I can take lessons in singing, if he is an ogre."

Prof. Bangemwell looked anything but an ogre as he stood in the parlor an hour after his arrival, and was presented to Miss Minnie, his pupil, who had just come in from a walk. He *was* tall, as she had said, but not old, being certainly not over twenty-five, and not thin, for he had the splendid figure of an Adonis, and his dark, magnetic eyes were *not* covered by green goggles, and the sweet smile that parted the handsome lips under the long black moustache proclaimed him anything but "cross."

"Why, Prof. Bangemwell is perfectly *splendid*, papa," Minnie cried, after an hour's conversation with the professor, finding herself alone with her father. "He is just as handsome as he can be, and oh! what eyes. They made me think of one of Mrs. Lee Hentz's heroes; and he is so agreeable. I know we shall get on splendidly."

"There, there, that will do," said her father, frowning. "I would advise you not to go into rhapsodies over a common travelling professor of music. He wasn't brought here to play the agreeable, but to teach you music."

Minnie pouted, and thought her father "awful cross," and went back to the professor. He wanted to hear her voice, and so she sat down at the piano, and he stood very near and gave her suggestions about her position, and told her how to draw in her breath, and how to economize it, and then when she sang a passage, he told her where she failed, and sang it for her, that she might understand it better. His voice was a splendid, soaring tenor, and it just lifted Minnie up to the "seventh heaven" to hear him sing. They were full two hours at their first lesson, and then Minnie played and sang some simple airs, and the professor joined in the chorus, so they whiled away another hour, and then Minnie went to her flowers, and the professor soon joined her in the garden, and proved himself as learned in botany as in music.

"A magnificent man," Minnie said that night in her room. "I have heard and read of such men, but never saw one before," and all that night long she dreamed of handsome, dark-eyed Prof. Bangemwell.

That was only the beginning. Prof. Bangemwell not only taught Minnie music and botany, but *love*. It was useless for her to try and conceal it. Her father frowned, her mother chided, and Minnie told them both "how foolish it was to accuse her of such nonsense," but at length she did not try to conceal her passion for the handsome professor.

"Yes, I *do* love him," she cried one day, when they were warning her not to allow herself to fall in love with a poor music-teacher. "I *do* love him, and he loves me, and I am not ashamed to confess it. I would rather *die* than give him up, too, if he *is* a poor music-teacher."

Her father groaned. "Wild, insane child," he said. "I will go and discharge the fortune-hunter immediately," and away he went in a rage, leaving Minnie in tears.

Half an hour later Professor Bangemwell, dejected and sad, came to Minnie. "Darling," he said, "I have been turned adrift by your stern father. I must leave the house to-night, and forever. Can you give me up, or will you go with me? I am a poor man, but I will work for you, slave for you if you will be mine."

She clung to him weeping. "I will go," she said, "to the uttermost parts of the earth with *you*. To the desert or the plain, anywhere, if *you* go with me."

"And you will leave all—father, mother, home, luxury?"

"Yes, gladly, if by so doing I can be yours forever."

He drew her closely to his breast, and kissed her tenderly. "Then, little one, if you love me so truly you can forgive me for a little deception, I am sure. I have been playing a part, Minnie. I am not Prof. Bangemwell, I am not a music-teacher."

"Then who—what—" she began. "I don't understand."

"Then I must explain. I am Walter Graham."

She sprang from his arms, in wonder and amazement. "Walter Graham!" she repeated.

"Yes, Walter Graham. Your father wrote to me how utterly you scorned my suit. I had not, and could not forget my childish fancy for you. Through all the years I have been in foreign lands I have remembered you, and hoped you would not forget the pledge made by our fathers. But I found you *had* forgotten, and that you refused to see me. Then your father wrote, asking me if I could not play the part of a music teacher for a time, and stating the case as it stood. Fortunately, I had received a thorough musical education in Europe, which enabled me to play my part well. I did not need to disguise, as there was no danger of your recognizing me, and your father and mother were in the secret. I came, saw and conquered. Won't you forgive me?"

She crept into his arms. "Why I suppose I shall have to," she said, "for I love you so, I could not be angry with you."

Just then her father came in. "So ho!" he cried, "you have concluded to accept that horrid, impudent, insolent fellow after all, Minnie? Well, well, I am glad my children that things have ended so happily. Take her, Professor Bangemwell, and if you find her half as good a wife as she has been daughter, in spite of her caprices, you will never repent having taught music, I know."

A PASTEBOARD BOX.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BERTHA.

"Dear little Bessie! To-morrow is her birthday, and I must make her a present. Jewelry, I suppose."

George Weston sat alone in his bachelor quarters. A handsome fellow truly, with his dark-brown eyes, curling chestnut hair and beard, and his six feet stature! Well might Bessie Hamilton be proud of the appearance, at least, of him who was planning for her pleasure. But he had more than a mere handsome exterior. Weston possessed a sound understanding, a refined taste, a noble heart, and an unblemished reputation.

"I will choose something for her now," he said; and he rose, took up his hat, and went out.

As he passed down the street a diseased tooth that had long troubled him began to ache very violently. "Oh!" he thought, "how terribly that tooth aches. *I will have it out to-day. Oh! Oh!*"

From the large assortment of sparkling diamonds, glittering gold and flashing jewels, George selected a pair of delicate bracelets of exquisite workmanship. They were placed in a round pasteboard box, and with this receptacle in his hand he entered the dentist's office, next door to the jewelry store.

A lady was seated in the operating chair as he came in. He advanced to the table, where lay her bonnet, gloves, parasol, and a *round pasteboard box*. George put his hat and parcel beside them, and as the lady rose he placed himself in the chair.

The painful tooth was soon extracted, and taking up his effects, he left the office. He then wended his way toward the residence of his Bessie. His ring was answered by a servant, who stated that Miss Bessie was not in, but who promised to safely *deliver the box and its donor's card*.

"You never met Bessie's affianced, Mr. Weston, did you, Maria?" asked Mrs. Hamilton of her sister-in-law. "It is over a week since you arrived, and you were never disengaged when he called. I suppose he will be here this evening. But I meant to say that he has sent our Bessie a birthday gift. Bessie, open it in the presence of us all, please."

"How kind and thoughtful of him," exclaimed Bessie, in a gratified tone, as she raised the lid.

One moment she glanced within the box, then, with an expression of horror she flung it from her, and burst into tears. Her mother and aunt were greatly surprised to find that George's present was *an old set of false teeth!*

"Such an insult!" exclaimed the horrified Mrs. Hamilton.

"Mercy! What could he have meant?" cried Miss Hamilton.

"*I will never speak to him again!*" sobbed Bessie.

When George called that evening he was extremely surprised to hear that Miss Bessie was not at home to Mr. Weston. Grieved and mortified, he returned to his room. On his table lay a round pasteboard box. He opened it, and, to his surprise, saw a set of false teeth, and these lines—

"Mr. Weston, when a gentleman so far forgets himself as to send such a gift to a lady, he must not be surprised if she returns it, and declines to see him again.

"Yours respectfully,

"B. S. HAMILTON."

"What have I done?" he exclaimed as he finished the note. "Sent her false teeth! But how could it have happened? Oh, now I remember; I exchanged boxes with that lady at the dentist's. It is too late to-night, but I will call to-morrow and explain."

The next morning he hurried to his beloved's residence, but still she was not at home to him. Again and again and again he called, but could not see her. He sent several notes, but they were returned unopened. This continued for several days.

About a week after, Miss Hamilton came down from her room in a strange state of excitement.

"Bessie!" she exclaimed, "look! I was hunting for my old teeth to-day, and I found these bracelets. How could this have happened?"

"When did you put the teeth into that box?" asked Bessie.

"One day last week (the day before your birthday, in fact.) I went to the dentist's to have my new teeth put in. I took my old ones out, put them in the box, and laid it on the office-table with my things. I have not opened it since, and now I find these. What do you think of it?"

"There might have been another box, containing the bracelets, on the table," suggested Bessie, though she did not imagine how near she was to the truth.

"Well, now I think of it, there was! A young man came in, having a box like mine in his hand, and he put it on the table beside my things. Of course I took his, as I went out first, and probably he took mine."

Rapidly as lightning, an idea flashed through Bessie's mind.

"What did he look like?" she asked.

"He was tall, and had brown curly hair, and a rather full beard, and dark brown eyes."

"George is like that," murmured Bessie.

"And he sent you old false teeth! Why didn't we think of it before? He intended the bracelets for you, and I have them, and he has my teeth!"

Just then a sound of voices was heard in the hall; the sitting-room door opened, and Weston brushed past the servant into the presence of the ladies. With a smile, Miss Hamilton left the room.

"Bessie," he said, pleadingly. "You have refused to see me. To-day I forced myself in, because I must explain to you the circumstances of that mistake. I intended you to have gold bracelets."

"I know, George," said Bessie, "here they are. Do not explain, dear, for I understand it perfectly."

"Bless you, darling," he exclaimed, as he took her in his arms and kissed her.

And so affairs came out right after all.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

BURNING OF THE ESCURIAL IN SPAIN.—On the evening of the 2d of October, during a heavy thunder-storm, the celebrated palace of the Escurial was struck by lightning, and immediately set on fire. The flames quickly spread through various parts of the building. The royal library, containing thousands of volumes of great value, was soon a mass of flames. The palace itself was apparently doomed to inevitable destruction. The flames soon spread to the church attached to the palace, in which the King worships during his summer residence at Escurial.

A dispatch announcing the conflagration was transmitted to the King at Madrid. He immediately dispatched a brigade of firemen with necessary apparatus to the scene of the fire, and followed quickly in person. The news of the conflagration caused tremendous excitement at Madrid.

The fire brigade from that city did good service: through its exertions the flames, at the latest account, have been checked, and, although still burning, are confined to that part of the palace in which the library is located. A large number of books and manuscripts have been removed, and there are hopes of saving the entire library, but in a damaged condition.

The partial destruction of the Escurial by fire is an event which will produce much regret in Spain, and, indeed, throughout the civilized world. The library was rich in valuable manuscripts which had been jealously guarded against the world, so that it was rare that the privilege of consulting them could be obtained by scholars. The history, not only of Spain, but of Europe and America was illustrated in these writings. Valuable as they would have been to the world, the Spanish Government practically denied access to them. Their destruction, therefore, might be considered as but a small loss as long as they were excluded from students. Practically, it might be said that they did not exist for any useful purpose, and their destruction need therefore cause but little regret. But it was evident that the time was near at hand when the advance of liberal opinions in Spain would have compelled the opening of the great libraries at Simancas and at the Escurial to the world, and, therefore, the loss is one which would soon have become practical. The Escurial was a remarkable combination of various objects. It was a palace and a tomb. The Spanish Kings occupied it in the summer season, and they were buried there when they ceased to reign. It was a monastery and a church, a college and a hospital, and, as far as a building could, it illustrated the traits of Spanish character in the exceedingly diverse objects to which it was dedicated. The Escurial was finished, after twenty-one years' building, in 1654. It was immense in size and massive in construction. It was adorned with the finest productions of Spanish art in painting and sculpture, and taken altogether it was one of the wonders of Europe. The injury which it has suffered seems irreparable.

Later.—The fire has been extinguished. The books and manuscripts of the library are saved, many being greatly damaged. The windows are gone, and a portion of the roof is destroyed. The richly-covered staircases and the massive doors are ruined. The interior was ornamented with numerous frescoes, most of which are almost wholly obliterated. All the statues, bronzes and other valuable works are saved from destruction.

THE EXODUS FROM ALSACE AND LORRAINE.—The time granted to the people of Alsace and Lorraine to choose between German and French citizenship expired on the 1st of October. The exodus during the few days previous was immense; fully twelve hundred left Strasburg on Sunday for French territory. The trains on the railways leading into France were crowded, and proved insufficient to carry all who wanted to go. The French journals of October 1st appeared in mourning. It is estimated that 80,000 emigrating Alsatians will take up their residence in Nancy alone, while large numbers will go to other places. A dispatch from Paris, dated October 2, states that eighteen thousand persons have left Metz the last fortnight to seek homes under French jurisdiction. The population of that city now numbers only 10,000 persons.

So great is the rise in prices in British manufactures, that recently large orders for iron for marine purposes, which reached London from the Italian Government, were withdrawn on account of the terms demanded, and transferred to France, where they were promptly placed.

The second trial of Laura Fair at San Francisco, has resulted in a verdict of not guilty.

At the Georgia State election, the majority for James M. Smith the Democratic candidate, is believed to be between thirty and forty thousand.

A New York dispatch announces that a base ball tournament has been arranged, to take place on the Union grounds, for prizes amounting to $4000. The contest will begin on the 8th inst., and continue for a week. Among the competitors will be the Bostons, Mutuals and Athletics.

☞ A NARCOTIC.—Doctor—Look here, Mrs. McCawdle, don't give him any more physic. A sound sleep will do him more good than anything. Gudewife—Eh, doother, if we could only get him tae the kirk.

☞ Mrs. Dr. Clair De Evere Spettigue, of Boston, has entered the lecture field with a discourse on "Love and Marriage." If she would only fall down and break a piece off her name she might succeed.

☞ A Michigander sneezed from his nose the other day a minie ball that had entered his eye during the war.

☞ At Valley Stream, Long Island, a man fell between two trains of cars in attempting to jump from one to the other. With the exception of a slight contusion he was unharmed. When some of the railroad employees stooped to pick him up he waived them off, saying, "I can pick up my own corpse."

☞ A tourist who was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the heat most, replied "When I was going to Berne."

☞ England has forwarded large orders to Florida for alligator skins.

☞ The Danbury News mentions a woman that threw a stone at a hen and threw so desperately that she inflicted a severe scalp wound in her own head.

☞ The attention of Mr. Bergh is called to a rumor that several horse-trainers have establishments in this city where colts are broken into bits.

☞ This is the way in which the Providence paper announced that a letter is in the New Bedford Post-office waiting for a stamp: "There's a painful sense of something lacking on the north-east corner of a letter addressed to B. A. Whitcom & Co., of Providence, which lies at New Bedford awaiting repairs.

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30 Transparent Visiting Cards and Golden Case for 50 cents. Address, WESTERN PRINTING CO., Dubuque, Iowa. sep28-3t

30 NEW SONGS, ARTS, and 20 new RECIPES mailed free. THEO. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. sep28-13t

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jy27-12t JOS. SITES, M. D., Dean, Phil'a, Penn.

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sep21-4t

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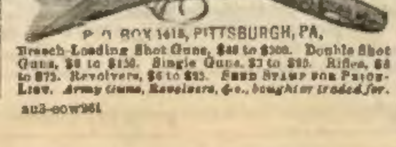

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—*Buffalo Advertiser.*
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A CONSUMPTIVE CURED!
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sep28-6teow

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A MISTAKE.

Young Botts lives in a row of uniform houses up in the Fifteenth Ward. There are about twenty-five dwellings in the block, all exactly alike in front; so that Botts, like half of the people in Philadelphia, has to begin to count at the corner, when he comes home, in order to find his residence. Last Wednesday evening, upon returning from his office, he was absorbed in meditation and forgot to count. It was warm, and all the front doors in the row were open. He dashed into one of them, up the stairs and into the sitting-room, where, in the dusk, he saw his wife reclining upon the lounge. Botts rushed up to her and gave her a hearty kiss. Much to his surprise, she jumped up and screamed for help, shouting "thieves!" "murder!" "fire!" &c. In about two seconds a man bounced into the room and seized Botts, while a colored girl flew up from the kitchen and rapped him on the head with a rolling-pin. Then they got him down, and the man sat on his head, and the Senegambian cook mellowed him about the ribs with the rolling-pin, and the woman he had kissed fanned him with a chair and kept up a continual scream. Presently thirty or forty neighbors rushed in with a couple of policemen. The gas was lit, and then Botts discovered that he was not at home. He had dashed into the dwelling of Mills, who lives next door, but one, and had kissed Mills's maiden sister, who thought it was an audacious burglar. Then Botts went out and up to the corner, and counted his way to his house and went to bed. He burns a locomotive headlight over his front door now; but as soon as his ribs join, and the knobs on his skull go down, he intends to move out into a desert, where there is no other house within six hundred miles.

Directions For Going Out For a Sail.

Procure the most nautical rig you can. Brass buttons always look well. A slight roll in the walk should be practised, and if the aspirant has his soul in the undertaking he may also practice chewing tobacco. (Sometimes this is as good as going out for a sail.) It looks well to cast your eye up at the sky now and then. This, accompanied by a hitch of your nether garments, is irresistible.

When you are going on board you will probably observe that the boat rocks a little. In that case you will do well to slip down the last two steps of the gangway, and leap agilely on board, catching at the nose, the ear, whisker or hair of the nearest sailor. This is infallible, it makes the rough seaman respect you. You should shout "Belay!" as you execute this manœuvre. "Belay" is a good remark to throw in at any point.

If you want to show your seamanship, go and sit by the man at the helm and tell him to "put her head" up or down, it doesn't much matter which. Whistle loudly—the sailors like it, because it brings on a gale, they say.

These directions will teach you how to comport yourself until the boat has passed the pier-head. After that you will do well to trust to nature. She will probably have it all her own way after that, whether you trust her or not.

A POSTMASTER WHO COULDN'T HEAR.

Everybody is supposed to have heard of Dan Bromley, editor of the Hartford Post. He is a scholar, a gentleman, a man of sense and wit, and something of a wag besides. After his return from California he wrote a lecture, chiefly on the wonders of Yosemite Valley. The paper was carefully prepared, and attracted uncommon attention wherever it was delivered. He read it before a large audience in a church in New Haven. The New Haven postmaster, a keen, sharp man, a wonderfully effective politician, and a warm friend of Bromley, was greatly edified by the production. Congratulating the lecturer upon his success as the crowd was dispersing, the postmaster observed that there was one drawback—he only heard imperfectly. Bromley thought he spoke loud enough for the size of the church.

"Didn't you see me hold up my hand to my ear, thus?" suiting the action to the word.

"Thunder!" said Dan, "I thought it was your ear."

FAITHFUL LOVE.

The most faithful lover who has a name and being outside of trashy novels, lives in Danbury. The parents of the young lady are opposed to his companionship, but that don't make him proud. Sometimes the old gentleman reaches him with his boot before he can get over the fence, but the young man don't lay up ill feelings on account of that; he only smiles at the despoiler of his pants when he meets him, and calls it "heaping coals of fire on his head." Saturday evening he thought he would get up a surprise for the old chap. He put a paving-stone in each of his coat-tail pockets, and started for the fence as usual. The old man let out for him with increased enthusiasm, and caught him—caught him good. Then he lay down on the grass and said: "I die by the hand of an assassin." But the young man passed on without a word, and smiles the most heavenly smile of forgiveness ever seen on the street.

A GENTLEMAN says: Going to Cape May the other day I saw a young man leaning over the railing of the upper deck, and with considerable violence giving to the winds and the sea the contents of his stomach. Just at this juncture one of the boat officials walking briskly by, asked, in a patronizing manner, "Sick, sir?"

"You don't suppose I'm doing this for fun, do you?" said the poor fellow, indignantly, as soon as he could recover his breath.

AN inhabitant of a suburban town, after spending a convivial evening, was discovered among the carrots and cabbages of his humble garden, wrapped in slumber. "Well, Bill," said an admiring friend, as he shook the prostrate youth, "what are you doing out here?" "Watching for a hen that's stole her nest," was the sententious answer. "But what are your eyes shut for, Bill?" "Don't want the old hen to see me," gruffly replied the sleeping philosopher.

A FELLOW in Janesville, in a letter to his girl at Oshkosh, told her that it was so cold down there the mercury was unable to see zero without a telescope. The confiding creature, in reply, stated that they managed to worry through at Oshkosh by hanging their thermometers over their wells, as the mercury seldom sunk more than forty feet in that tropical region. Those two trusting hearts have firm confidence in each other's veracity.

NOT long since a gentleman had occasion to call on the Rev. Mr. I., of this city. On ringing the bell an Irish servant put in an appearance, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Is the Rev. Mr. I. at home?"

"No, sir; he's attindin' a widdin'."

"Can you tell me when I can see him?'

"Sure, sir, he's *another funeral* to attind right afther, and I don't know whin he'll be home, sir."

☞ A Chicago advertisement for three lady copyists brought in two days an influx of 249 beautifully-written letters.

☞ The experiment of driving ostriches before light buggies, has been successfully tried in Paris.

MY CREED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My creed is this: that he who holds at heart
Love for his fellow-man,
And doeth what he deems to be his part,
As truly as he can,
Is the true gentleman.

Not coronet, nor cross, nor boasted name,
Can make ignoble man
The peer of him, who, not for wealth nor fame,
Does nobly what he can
For God and fellow-man.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 30.

JIM DALY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

"If I live, this is Jim Daly."

"If you don't live it's all the same." And two sinewy hands met in so hearty a grip that the joints snapped in electrical sympathy.

After they had thus renewed old acquaintanceship, the elder man spoke again.

"Jim, what's your legitimate trade now?"

"Just one of the staunchest ranchmen in the San Joaquin valley."

"Ah, good news, that. You once bore on steadily toward a different occupation."

"I did? You thought so. In what business did you expect me to exhibit my talents?"

"Dancing a tight rope, Jim."

"You mean mountebank, hey?"

"No, sir; in Eastern States, mounting a platform; in the Western, different means, but the same end."

A keen glance at Jim Daly showed a young man, small but sinewy, and swarthy as an Arab, with a wide, brilliant eye, huge moustache, and a general style that would tell the initiated he was a Western man, quick and fiery as a ball-pepper.

Two or three persons residents of the new town, seemed to know the newcomer, and greeted him cordially.

"What's your biz, hereabouts?" asked the burly fellow who had first greeted him.

"Am to meet a man here who comes down our way to speculate. Want to see where I shall deliver my wool clip, and so forth."

"Just so, and what say to a pipe of peace and a free confession of how you came to be converted into a man safe to run at large."

"Be wary, Austin," spoke a third person, "for I've seen the time when I should rather have put my head into a lion's mouth than to joke Jim Daly on facts."

"Aye, aye," answered Jim, "I would have dimpled his complexion with a charge of buck-shot, or a brace of bullets; for the small-pox wasn't anywhere for puncturing meat in comparison with myself in those days, but they are passed and my temper is cooler."

"How did it come about, Jim?"

"Patience, man, your old pipe draws hard enough to superinduce the lock-jaw. Give me a segar, waiter." Then Jim began:

"We had organized a regular gang of us buzzards, who circled hither and yon, committing depredations wherever the pay would offset the risk. We were hazardous, yet careful, for who better understands Chief Justice Lynch, than the fellows who have executed his commands. Not one of our gang but had his larynx mortgaged to his country, and might at any time have his pulmonic circulation interfered with by a slip-noose.

"We all had an alias in our pocket for immediate use, so," said Jim, looking around him, "if any one is listening to what I say, with the idea of reporting at headquarters, be it known that Jim Daly as Jim Daly hasn't a black mark scored against him.

"Well, one day Tomtit came into our rendezvous with very accelerated circulation.

"'Boys,' said he, 'there's a chance for a haul to-night.'

"'Where?' was the question.

"'Up along Brink's Falls. Norce, as owns a township by the Falls, is going into, or is gone to bargain for a government tract along the line of railroad. He has just received twenty thousand dollars, and he won't be likely to carry it about him in his travels—part of it, at least, will be left at home.'

"'What's the role? a regular housebreak?'

"'No, sir; there is an easier way. I've been looking into the case.' Tomtit was our oracle. 'And I find that Dave Norce is the soul of hospitality. His buildings are in rather a lonely place, but two miles beyond is the regular stage route. Now, some one of us must act the belated traveller—old, weak, and all that. Belated—mistook the time and place of overhauling the stage. Got a sick daughter at so and so, Shawnee county—you understand the programme—deafish, feeble, and so forth; only women folks to deal with, you know.'

"A silence followed this harangue.

"'Who goes in for doing the part of the old, belated gent, meanwhile understanding that he is to open to the rest of us in the night, so that we can bank the old fellow's capital.'

"No one seemed anxious to perform the part, and, at last, good-humoredly, we decided to draw lots. The solitary long stick fell to my share.

"At sunset, with a bundle tied in a red cotton handkerchief, and a stout staff, with jerky, rheumatic gait, I was stumping along the route toward Brink's Falls and the homestead of Norce.

"I found no difficulty in getting food and lodgings for the night, as similar incidents of belated wayfarers were of common occurrence—this being the direct route from B—— to W——, at which places the regular stages picked up passengers.

"Mrs. Norce was a feeble invalid, having had her joints fairly shaken apart with chills, and the daughter was a pale, slender girl with a large, soft brown eye and a voice trained to a low key, as, I inferred, to suit the sick woman's nerves. You expect that my conscience condemned me as I looked upon these lone females, and realized the contemplated robbery, but honestly, now, I viewed it as a capital affair, and answered Mrs. Norce's inquiries concerning my sick relative, thinking all the time what a nice joke was being played upon them. Ruth Norce cleared away the remains of my substantial repast with a soft, swift manner that delighted me, for there always was in my estimation something torturing about one of those banging, thunderous females, whom we are sometimes fated to meet.

"There was an old, colored factotum, who saw to the out-of-doors labor, and at an early hour tucked his woolly head upon his pillow.

"In due time I was shown my sleeping apartment, which was, as I had hoped and expected, in the chamber. By listening intently, I made out that the mother and daughter retired to the farther part of the house, on the other side from where my chamber was located.

"Silence reigned for many hours. Darkness, also, for the stars were hid under flying scud, which promised a drizzle if not a pelting rain before morning, so that any steps that might be made in the mud around, would be obliterated. Midnight came and passed, although at laggard pace, and I meditated soon to commence action. I could not see anything from my window, but I knew that long before this time the boys were waiting to be led inside the house.

"The plan was that I should, at the final tussel, make what show of resistance I could for so old a man, but should be shot at, with a balless pistol, by one of the band, overpowered and thrown into a corner. This was so that the country round about might not be warned against putting up travellers.

"I did not know why I should feel so excited, unless it was a memory of the twenty-thousand dollars, but my blood started through the veins to my brain at a double-quick march to the music of the drums in my ears.

"My boots were off, my bundle in a corner, my pistols in my belt, and knife at hand—but, of course, there would be no resistance from the women, yet we always went armed, for the minions of the law oftentimes made erratic movements, and astonished a fellow by a furious swoop upon his buckram, and an attempt to present him with prize jewelry—that is bracelets.

"I listened at the head of the stairs. Everything but the old clock was as still as death. But I was a trifle dismayed at sight of a lance of light stabbing the darkness of the entry, and resting in an irregular blotch upon the portals of the outer door. Getting cautiously down a few stairs, which were the best behaved steps that I ever knew, not once creaking with my advance, I saw that the light streamed from an inner room where it was, doubtless, kept burning for the convenience of the sick woman. Again listening intently and finding the silence still unbroken, I was rather glad that the light showed me the fastenings of the door, saving me the trouble of lighting a match.

"I suppose that my mind must have become completely engrossed in slowly and noiselessly slipping back the bolt, for I neither heard nor saw anything until my arm was apparently banded by narrow strips of steel, and a ring of cold metal was pressed against the side of my head an inch or two above the mump gland.

"'The least sound or outcry,' said a low, clear whisper, 'and you are a dead man. My mother's life would fall a sacrifice to a sudden fright—beware!'

"I have seen many eyes in my day, but I never saw anything like the expression of that girl's orbs as the band of light from the inner room showed me the upper portion of her face. Now I might have overpowered her by mere animal force of course, but the red lightning gleam in that steady, moveless gaze unnerved me as nothing ever did before.

"'You cannot go out,' she said, as I still held by the door. 'I have suspected your purpose from the first—what will you do? I have waited all these hours for you to commence operations—what will you do?'

"What would I do? And only that white, delicate girl to oppose me—well, sir, she was surrounded by the same Power that my mother in the dim past used to tell of as surrounding the fellow that was thrown into the lion's den. I could not harm a hair of her head.

"'What will you do?' was the again repeated, clear, whispered question.

"'I will go up-stairs, raise a window, and send off the fellows lying in wait outside.'

"'*Will* you?'

"'I will.'

"Her hand lowered the pistol from my temple. Silently I went up the stairs again, and if you think that I meant to trick her you'd better be introduced to Jim Daly, for you don't know him. I got the window raised, and in a thunderous whisper held forth to the fellows lying in wait:

"Get out of this, boys, infernal quick. I am boxed, and will be lucky if I get out without a severed jugular. A vigilance committee is not a stone's throw from you.'

"This was a wonderful invention of the brain, and not wholly mythical either, you have perceived. And you may safely wager your best hat that I stole off in the morning without again seeing the girl who I am sure guarded the stairway until daylight.

"I never got over the look of her eyes when she stood like a wounded deer at bay. After I left E——, which was during the next spring, I heard nothing from the family. A year or so afterward I struck for the Peninsular state.

"One night, while looking out the site for a future sheep-farm in the San Joaquin valley, I came upon a well-kept and thriving ranche, and accepted an invitation to tarry all night and have the assistance of my host in locating; but you may imagine that I was taken back on learning that the name of my host was Norce.

"'Did you ever live in ——?' I asked.

"'Sold out after my wife died, four years ago, and came here. Like it much better in this place. Why, did you know me there?'

"'Not personally,' I evasively answered: 'but the name was familiar.'

"How I longed to inquire concerning his daughter, but did not dare to do so, yet my curiosity and interest were so great that I could not refuse his invitation to enter.

"The brown-eyed girl was her father's housekeeper, and I was most happy to perceive that she had no recollection of me.

"Need I say that business called me frequently to Norce's ranch, and matters progressed so well between Ruth Norce and myself that in six months she had promised to be my wife?

"The only great evil of my character that had not been reformed was my passion for gambling. I was liable at any time to lose a fortune recklessly if the fit came on me.

"We were married without Ruth knowing of my infirmity. Is there one of you that would have done differently? But she soon mistrusted my ruling passion, for I bet high and slapped the dotted pasteboard right and left in many a feverish dream. A year and a half after my marriage I had started for Stockton with a heavy amount of funds of my own and my father-in-law's to invest in the banks.

VISITOR—"How long has your master been away?"

IRISH FOOTMAN—"Well, sorr, if he'd come home yistherday, he'd a' been gone a wake to-morrow; but ev he doesn't return the day afther, shure he 'll a' been away a fortnight next Thorsday."!!

"As usual, his Satanic Majesty's side-shows were in full blast, and I yielded to the temptation and entered. To enter was to play. At first the tide went favorably, but in a short time adverse fate overtook me. With losing I began to bet recklessly, and did not stop when I had simply lost my own money, but with the gambler's infatuation, hoping to retrieve my losses, I began staking the money of Mr. Norce. My opponent seemed little less than a demon to me. He never looked up, but with his hat pushed well back upon his head, he shuffled and dealt and carried the best hand in every game. Had there been any of the fiendish exultation often seen about the successful gambler, I should have been tempted to shoot him. With contracted brows and sweating forehead, his white, professional hands kept up their restless, relentless movements, and every feature showed how intently, almost insanely, his whole mind seemed bent upon showing the winning card. Slowly and surely he gathered my money and my honor from my possession. I grew fairly insane. I threw down at one toss all that remained in my possession.

"'Will you not wait? I do not care for more winnings,' was the mechanical question of the man opposite, who all the time was preparing for another deal.

"'Slide ahead!' I called out, desperately, 'it's too late to stop now. Let the crisis come quickly.'

"On his part the play seemed to be purely mechanical, but he won my all. With an overwhelming sense of my ruin I arose from the table, and must have made an involuntary movement toward my side, for raking the funds together he stuffed them by the handful into his pockets, and followed me out. As I distractedly walked toward an unfrequented part of the city, I became conscious that he followed closely after me. Ere long I turned savagely toward him.

"'Pursue me no farther, or I will turn and fire upon you.'

"'What would you do?' was his next question, as he advanced straightforward to my side.

"'Is that anything to you?'

"'It is. Indeed, I would return your money if you will swear never to enter a gambling den again.'

"'This is very strange,' I remarked, 'and evidently you are a practical joker.'

"'Not I—instead—here—thrust your hand into my pockets, and take back your own; yet, first, give me the oath that I require.'

"Doubting my senses in the joy of saving my honor in faithfully discharging the trust reposed in me by my father-in-law, I yet gave the required promise, and there in the nearly deserted streets my money was returned.

"'May I know to whom I owe so much?' I humbly asked.

"'You may,' and the disguises about her face were removed, revealing my wife to my astonished gaze.

"'It was a mortifying lesson, but it had a lasting effect. You imagine already that she had spent many months with her whole mind upon the matter to become an expert player, for the purpose of saving me. She had followed me to Stockton with the result which you have seen. Did I ever tell her of that other affair? No, sir; her metal was not of a kind to be tried too far, and I try to let my present atone for my past. I am now, as I said, a prosperous ranchman, my only deal being sheep, and I show a winning hand in that game every time."

☞ At least 100,000 ladies in Paris are said to be named Marie.

☞ To find out the number of children in a street beat a bass drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dog fight.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double* rates on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

KENTUCKIAN writes: "Last night I unfolded my late number of the Post. Imagine my astonishment when I read your answers to my queries, how to make and trim a dress fashionably. I acknowledge my want of tact in not writing to Mrs. Peterson, but imagined she was one of the company, and that you could submit the question to her consideration if it proved a conundrum to yourself. I have, some time past, sent to your department for patterns, and found them true, useful, and beautiful. I felt myself growing 'small by degrees and beautifully less' as I imagined a province in Spain for the body of my dress. I should be lost in it body and soul. Mrs. Peterson has been a fairy godmother to many perplexed wives and daughters by coming to their aid with kind counsel and stylish patterns, that all could get by sending for and giving the number of the patterns they wished. We live in an old dilapidated town, which is of itself a complete vacuum. There is nothing in the way of art, science, literature, concerts, or anything of the kind. An organ-grinder and a monkey would be a godsend in such a place as this. Humanity is dead and buried here, and the sombre habiliments of mourning will never be removed. I doubt if anything short of the resurrection would move the people out of their daily routine. It is a dull, slow, plodding place, starving and crushing out all the finer feelings of those who have any. Do you wonder that I value the Post and Friend so highly?" It seems to us that in such a place it would make little difference whether you had the latest fashions or not. But we do not pretend to judge; the dullest people otherwise are often the most critical in matters of dress, and you may need to attire yourself for the eyes of people to whom you are otherwise indifferent—to say nothing of your own eyes.

LITTLE JOHN, (Poland, N. Y.) writes: 1st. Can you tell us whence originated the practice of leasing buildings or lots in cities for 99 years? Why not for 100 years, or any other even number. 2d. Would you consider Phrenology of enough importance to be guided by it in selecting a pursuit for a young man of 15 to 18 years old? 3d. How long would it take a young man of good business faculties to learn Telegraphy, and what wages would he be likely to command, if thoroughly competent? 4th. Are there many farms for sale in Pennsylvania, and is there any paper published which makes a specialty of advertising real estate?" 1st. It probably originated in some law restricting the duration of leases within the term of a century, thus making 99 years the greatest legal period. 2d. No. There is, no doubt, a basis of truth to the science of Phrenology. Certain regions of the brain are undoubtedly connected with certain powers of the mind; as, for instance, the fore brain with the reasoning faculties. But there is no sufficient proof, as yet, in the eyes of the best scientific authorities, to justify the minute provinces mapped out by the Phrenologists. 3d. To say that a man has good business faculties, is no guide to answering such a question. It would take a year or two of close application. You cannot expect us to answer questions concerning salary. 4th. Probably there is, but we do not know of any such paper.

L. O. G., (Manchester, O.) is anxious that we should devote a space to "Personals," promising us a number of new subscribers if we will consent to do so. There is no number of new subscribers he could name sufficient to induce us to insert such advertisements as he desires. We do not doubt that our correspondent is perfectly innocent in his intentions, simply wishing to amuse himself. As he does not seem aware of the fact, he must permit us to tell him, that such publications often result in immoral and injurious consequences. Our paper goes into a large number of families, and we do not choose to be made a medium of placing temptations to wrong doing before any of their members.

C. G., (Palensville, New York,) writes: We are using Goodrich's Pictorial History of the United States in our school. But some of our people think there is some other kind that would be better. Will you please let us know through your correspondents' column which is the best?" We should be happy to oblige our correspondent, but he must be aware that such things are greatly matters of personal choice, and the work which might seem best to us would possibly prove unsuitable for his purposes. These works are, no doubt, equally correct in their history, differing principally in their mode of imparting information, and in their greater or less detail. Were we to name a work it might prove less suitable for your school than the one you have, and you must see that it is inadvisable for us to do so.

LOUISIANA writes: "Please answer the following question: Was there more than one expedition to Nicaragua from the United States? Who led them, in what years, and their principal object?" There was but one expedition, that commanded by General Walker. Its ostensible purpose was to assist one of the periodical insurrections against the established government. Walker succeeded in his efforts, and finally had himself elected President. He was aided in this by an expedition from New Orleans, his original force being only about fifty men. From this time his power declined, and he was finally driven from the country.

OLIVIA GREEN, (Vineland, N. J.,) writes: "Not having seen any questions in the correspondents' column from this place, I thought I would ask some information on a few subjects that have given me some trouble, thinking you will be able to solve them if any one can. 1st. Having had a hen sitting on a nest of eggs for about six weeks, I am anxious about the chickens, fearing they may not be able to get through the shells. Is there anything I can do to help them? Do you think it likely that my having counted the chickens has had a bad influence on them? There is an old adage that you should not count your chickens before they are hatched. Do you believe in bad omens? 2d. Will a double yolk egg hatch out twins, and if so would it not be well to save all such and set them? 3d. Do you think it fair, if the woman takes care of the chickens, that her husband should keep the money? 4th. Do you think if hens eat grapes it will make the eggs sour, and are chicken grapes so called because they are more suitable for chickens to eat than other kinds? 5th. Do you think it proper for persons, who have been married more than a year, to call each other 'dear' in company? 6th. A friend wishes me to ask you if it is a just cause for a man to lose his affection for his wife, because he finds after marriage that she was not quite what she appeared to be before? 7th. What do you think of my handwriting?" We should be happy to give categorical answers to Mrs. Olly Green, (or do your friends call you Jolly Green?) but science has not yet taken cognizance of the egg-straordinary subjects about which she writes, and egg-sell-ent as our judgment is acknowledged to be, we cannot attempt alone such knotty questions. If we had hens, and our hens should be so inconsiderate as to sit six weeks on their eggs, we should certainly give them a nest of china door knobs to amuse themselves with, and would assist the chickens through their shells with the edge of a hatch-it. We cannot say what effect your counting has had on the chickens, but if we were a chicken, and anybody were to count us before we were hatched, we should certainly not gratify him by pecking our way out of the shell into this ungrateful world. 2d. We have heard of a case of a double yolk egg hatching a Siamese twin of a chicken, with two heads, four legs, and three wings. We should advise you to open all your eggs and set such as you find to be doubles. 3d. The money made on the chickens is only interest on the original investment, and if the wife takes interest in the chickens the husband ought certainly to have interest out of them. 4th. That is still an open question. You have more facilities for testing it than we have. We suppose that foxes prefer the fox, and chickens the chicken grape. 5th. It is not common, in our experience, and, grammatically, that which is not common is proper. 6th. It depends very much on the latitude of your "not quite." Taken in a strict sense it would not be a just cause, but if it is an elastic "not quite," who can tell how many just causes for the loss of affection it may include. 7th. We have seen better and we have seen worse. It is not quite good, and not entirely bad.

PERSEVERANCE, (Burlington, Vt.,) writes: "I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. I am engaged in an Insurance office, and at present get about three hundred dollars a year. Can you tell me if I had better remain where I am, or seek some other employment that would pay me better? I am sixteen years of age. 2d. Can I learn short-hand without a teacher? What books are the best? 3d. What per cent. is my handwriting?" You had better remain where you are, if the position is an agreeable one and presents any opportunities for advancement. Your salary is very fair for a youth of sixteen. 2d. Yes—if sufficiently persevering. Either Graham's or Pitman's works will serve. 3d. You write an excellent hand, and may with practice, become a first-class penman.

M. M., (Equinunk, Wayne county, Pa.,) asks: "Will you inform me how long I have been a subscriber to your paper? I was turned over to the Post from the Saturday Bulletin. What year was that in? I have taken the Post regularly ever since. Last year we received a Grover & Baker's machine as a premium, and it is first-rate." You have been a subscriber since July 28th, 1832—more than forty years. You certainly deserved a "first-rate" Grover & Baker's, and we are glad to hail you as one of "the Old Guard," "that dies but never deserts its Post." We hope the rising generation will profit by your shining example.

A. A. E., (Palermo Centre, Me.,) writes: "Could I engage to write for your paper with you? Are you in want of any writers for your paper? If you do I will send you some of my writings, and I will engage to write for you as cheap as any one." The style of your letter shows plainly that you lack experience in composition. You should know that it takes years of practical experience for one to write acceptably for a first-class literary paper. A great deal of the manuscript offered to us we should consider very dear if taken as a gift.

C. D., (Carnelton, W. Va.,) writes: "I take the liberty of asking the following questions:—1st. When was Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, born, and how long since his death? 2d. Are there any colored members in the Georgia House of Representatives, and if so, how many? 3d. What preparation, if any there be, would you recommend me to use for the prevention and restoration of premature gray hairs? 4th. Which of the three countries, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, was subdued by the English first? 5th. What is the name of the largest steamer plying between New York and Great Britain? 6th. Whether is the American or British oak the most durable? 7th. Have the Alabama claims been definitely settled between England and the United States?" 1st. He was born in 1759, died in 1796. 2d. Yes. We do not know how many in the present Legislature. 3d. There are many nostrums advertised, but none which we should like to recommend. We have known ordinary whale oil to be used with considerable effect in strengthening the hair. 4th. Ireland. In 1171. Wales was subdued in 1283. 5th. The Scotia, of the Cunard line. She is 268 feet long, 3870 tons measurement, and 1000 horse power. 6th. The British oak is more compact and close-grained than the American, and would probably prove rather more durable. 7th. They are finally and amicably settled.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)

RECEIPTS.

CHEAP AND WHOLESOME PICKLES.—Take a jar with a close lid or bung, and half fill it with the best vinegar; then, as spare vegetables of any description come to hand, such as small beans, cauliflowers, radish-pods, young cucumbers, onions, &c., throw them in, taking care, as the jar fills, that there is sufficient vinegar to cover the vegetables. When nearly full, add mustard seeds, bruised ginger, shallots, whole pepper, &c., to taste. Tie down tightly and place the jar in a vessel of water over the fire, or in a slow oven, until the articles are sufficiently soft to suit the palate. In this manner good, wholesome pickles can be made at only the expense of the vinegar and spice, and with the least possible amount of trouble. Of course, if the various kinds of vegetables are wished to be kept distinct, such may be done.

TENDERLOIN OF BEEF (A SUMPTUOUS DISH.)—To serve up tenderloin as directed below, the whole piece must be extracted entire before the hind-quarter of the animal is cut out. This must be particularly noted, because not commonly practiced, the tenderloin being left attached to the roasting pieces in order to furnish a titbit for a few. The roast must be turned over to get at it, and then it cannot serve many. A piece of the tenderloin is also frequently left with the steak piece. To dress it whole, proceed as follows:—Washing the piece well, put it in an oven, add about a pint of water, and chop up a good handful of each of the following vegetables as an ingredient of the dish, viz., Irish potatoes, carrots, turnips, and a large bunch of celery. They must be washed, peeled, and chopped up raw, then added to the meat; blended with the juice they form and flavor the gravy. Let the whole slowly simmer, and when nearly done add a teaspoonful of pounded allspice. When there is not a sufficiency of suet to give richness to the gravy, put in a tablespoonful of butter; in fact, the addition of the butter always improves the gravy, if not absolutely required. If the gravy should look too greasy, skim off some of the melted suet. Boil also a lean piece of beef, which, when perfectly done, chop fine, flavoring with a very small quantity of onion, besides pepper and salt to the taste. Make into small balls, wet them on the outside with egg, roll in grated cracker or fine bread-crumbs. Fry these force-meat balls a light brown. When serving the dish put these around the tenderloin, and pour over the whole the rich gravy. This dish is a very handsome one, and altogether fit for an epicurean palate.

WEXFORD BISCUITS.—Rub four ounces of butter well into eight ounces of flour, add six ounces of loaf sugar, the yelks of two eggs, the white of one. Roll the paste thin, and cut with a wine-glass or tin-cutter. Egg over the tops of each with the remaining white, and sift on white sugar. Bake in a WARM OVEN.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses; one of *boiling* water; one spoonful of ginger; a teaspoonful of saleratus; a pint of flour; piece of butter the size of a butternut. Put the saleratus, ginger, butter and molasses together, pour on the water and stir in the flour quickly.

CALVES' FEET PUDDING.—Boil the feet as for jelly; take 1 quart of stock, 5 eggs, cinnamon, sugar, lemon and wine, to taste; strain it through a thin cloth and pour it in a mould; the eggs must be beaten light. Serve it with cream.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 107 letters.

My 2, 53, 98, 48, 39, 84, 32, 15, 40, 68, 23, 31, is the name of a celebrated character.

My 102, 9, 63, 52, 41, 33, 82, is a well known actor.

My 46, 80, 62, 74, 106, 70, 24, is a name of late made notorious.

My 18, 90, 98, 36, 62, 100, 26, 71, is the son of Jupiter.

My 10, 20, 12, 15, 105, 35, 67, 40, 4, 78, 34, 98, 31, 105, 51, is a well known authoress.

My 42, 3, 99, 20, is a person celebrated for his wickedness.

My 59, 87, 34, 65, 15, is a man well known in the French Government.

My 84, 21, 53, 101, 60, 26, 50, 6, is some one who would like to be the next President.

My 52, 104, 11, 30, 107, is a German Philosopher.

My 3, 13, 77, 43, 17, 25, 12, 21, 92, 103, is a celebrated tragedian.

My 79, 89, 81, 53, 66, is the father of Centaurs.

My 22, 16, 76, 28, 87, 98, is a popular authoress.

My 83, 31, 14, 30, 96, is a king of Lydra.

My 38, 73, 35, 72, 5, 61, 61, 88, is a woman well known for her ill-humor.

My 57, 90, 95, 29, 58, 100, 97, 86, 12, 93, is the name of one of the greatest patriots that ever lived.

My 27, 88, 7, 70, 47, 78, 91, 69, 36, 19, is the only son of Ulysses and Penelope.

My 1, 64, 4, 35, 12, 66, is one of the daughters of Jove.

My 85, 21, is the daughter of Inachus.

My whole is a well known poetical quotation.

MARGARET.

CHARADES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

My first is the sailor's delight,
My second's the name of a tree
My whole will ever assist you,
Though friendless you may be

II.

My first is the name of a State,
My second's found therein,
Around my whole's extensive shore
But few have ever been.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

A planet.
A musical instrument.
To percolate.
Necessity.

II.

A female name.
The father of a large family.
An agricultural instrument.
An assent.

III.

A large city.
Lessen.
A bird.
Articles.
Perception.

ARGONAUT.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

Sluggish.
Leeward.
Ardor.
A loud cry.

II.

The line upon which the earth revolves.
An ancient temple.
A geographical division of land.
To oppose.

J. M. N.

PAINFUL CONUNDRUMS

☞ Why is an eagle like a man who has had the scrofula? Because he has had many sores (soars).

☞ Why was Job like a kitchen stove? Because he was covered with boils.

☞ Why is a man with poor teeth like a large farmer? Because he has many acres.

☞ Why does a man's ankle differ from ordinary machinery? The last is improved by a wrench; the former injured by it.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A hare is 50 leaps before a hound, and takes 4 leaps to the hound's 3, but 2 leaps of the hound are equal to 3 of the hare's. How many leaps must the hound take before he catches the hare.

BENJAMIN HEADLEY.

Dillsburgh, Dearborn Co., Ind.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

SHOO-FLY CHARADE.—Pen-man-ship.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Charleston. 2. West Point. 3. Paterson. 4. Washington. 5. Saybrook. 6. Montpelier. 7. Georgetown. 8. Amsterdam. 9. New Orleans. 10. Stillwater.

WORD SQUARES—

I.	II.	III.
ISLET	OMAHA	YACHT
SPIRE	MINER	ALLAY
LIBRA	ANILE	CLASP
ERROR	HELEN	HASTE
TEARS	ARENA	TYPES

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—B was 25 miles from Philadelphia. They each travelled 9 miles an hour.